THE MESSENGER.

"AS THE TRUTH IS IN JESUS."

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Dr A H Strickler 14Feby83

THE MESSENGER.

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Poetry.

"THY LENT."

By Harriet Converse.

To keep a solemn fast this Lent is thine.
Thy soul is hungering for a food divine;
Thy conscience, thirsting, craves the vintage new,
Which He hath hallowed with a purple dew!

Thy wains were heavy with the harvest's store;
Thy bins were filled with all the orchards bore;
Thy larder laden was with meat and bread;
And sumptuous feasts upon thy board were spread.

To turn from these, and sigh and starve thy life;
To struggle through the days with sterile strife,
Between thy sacrifice and self-content,
Is not alone thy fast—is not thy Lent.

To serve thy Lent—keep sweet thy brotherhood;
Mete not with measures charity and good;
Fill full thy cup with dews the heavens distill,
And knead thy bread with leaven of good will.

From anger, envy, hate and sordid greed;
From all the growths that yield a fruitful seed;
From all thy gain and loss, thresh thou and win
The golden grains of heaven's dear peace within.

Keep thou thy Lenten fast with holy food,
Clothe thou thy heart with holy habitude;
So, when thy life beneath the cross is bent,
Thy soul will keep, indeed, a Holy Lent!

—*Churchman.*

Communications.

For The Messenger.

THE ART OF CHRISTIAN BENEFICENCE.

Benevolence is a virtue, and it is therefore based on principle. Christian people contribute of their means for the spread of the Gospel because their love to Christ and their fellow-men constrains them to do so. The subject of benevolence may, therefore, be reduced to a science. But there is also an art in giving, and this must be learned as well as the science. We use this word *art* in this connection somewhat in the sense of prudence as distinguished from wisdom. Wisdom chooses the right and proper end, and prudence dictates the means by which to attain such end. The word art is frequently used in this sense, and we use it because many will more readily catch our meaning than if we used the word prudence. Our authority for speaking of such an art we gather, by inference at least, from the teaching of our blessed Lord Himself in the parable of the unjust steward. Many are no doubt often puzzled in understanding that parable because our Saviour therein selects an example from an *unjust* steward to teach the lesson of Christian prudence. The steward was wise in a worldly sense in making provision for his future wants, but he was also prudent, shrewd, artful, in the means he selected to reach the end in view. He went to work in an artful manner to win the favor and future friendship and support of his lord's debtors when he should be turned out of his stewardship. Whether he had the *legal* right to reduce the sums of their indebtedness on his master's books or not, we will not now stop to discuss, most likely he had, otherwise it would not have stood, though perhaps he may have used deception, and concealed from his lord what he did. The point in the parable is, the shrewdness or art he used in providing for himself friends for the future. As he used such artfulness in an unjust way, the parable teaches Christians should use prudence, or art, in a just and righteous way.

There are those who seem to feel that all artfulness in benevolence is wrong, that as they should give from principle, therefore no shrewd or artful means should be employed in doing it. But we think our Saviour's parable clearly teaches just the opposite of this. Let us see.

We are exhorted to make for ourselves friends of (that is, by means of) the mammon of unrighteousness, that is, worldly wealth, to learn the art of appropriating in a just way the wealth, or money, of this world, in order that by means of using it and giving it we may secure for ourselves friends in the time when our stewardships here on earth are ended, and when we shall have to live on the heavenly inheritance for which we now live and labor. There are many applications of this general truth. Every one who exercises skill in so using his time, his talents, or his money, that it shall accomplish the greatest good, obeys the general principle here inculcated. Without such skill a great deal may be expended, and from right motives too, and yet very little be accomplished. In order to get at the meaning of the parable we must study the artful ways by which men of the world raise means and money for their future wants. If money is to be raised, or made, how artfully they employ means to get contributions from the largest number! How skilfully they persuade men to deny themselves many little luxuries in order to save enough for their particular object. Millions and millions of dollars are thus made by dealers in liquor, tobacco, amusements, books of light reading, &c. There is no end to the means employed by men of the world to make money. They become perfect in their skill. It is not only a science, but an art.

Here is a lesson for the Church. The men of the world are truly wiser in their generation than the children of light. Not only the State, which compels its citizens to pay tax, but voluntary societies, such as the Free Masons, have plenty of funds to build grand temples, and to carry on their organizations. If a man determine to grow rich, he must use many arts of economy, make many self-denials, and use much skill in order to succeed.

The great matter is to learn the art of beneficence. One feature of this art is to give *regularly*, as in the Apostles' day, when each one laid by in store on the first day of the week what he was able and willing to give. We believe that if the Church could lay its hand on what merely "slips through peoples' fingers," as the saying is, that is, what they expend needlessly during the year, it would amount to more than the whole sum usually given. Or if some steady, well directed, effort were made by each man, woman, and child, to earn or make the most they could during the year, over and above their ordinary earnings, a like sum could be realized, and no one would be the worse off for it at the close of the year. Let there be some great occasion like the CENTENNIAL, and how many can make, or save up, during a year in advance, enough to pay their fare thither and back. Almost weekly there are occasions for which people shrewdly manage to lay by a little to gratify themselves in some luxury, to go to some entertainment, &c.

Now what is needed to be learned in the Church, both by individuals and congregations and societies, is the art of doing this for the Gospel. Who can doubt, but that if a right plan were devised, or if each man, woman, and child, in the Reformed Church were to set about the matter earnestly, and with supreme devotion, to save or make what he could, over and above all ordinary expenses during any one given year, over $100,000 could easily be raised for our benevolent operations? It would be the easiest thing in the world to do it, if the art were perfectly learned, or merely learned as well as it is by people of the world. Let us see. We have about 160,000 communicants—which means, we may suppose, say 500,000 adult and infant or unconfirmed members. To raise $100,000 would require 20 cents during a year from each one! Is there a child in the Church above six years old that could not easily devise means itself to raise that sum in a year, without missing one of its usual luxuries? Yet what would place all our interests in a prosperous condition in one year, and what would bring lasting joy into all hearts, is not done, and will not be done, just because we have not learned the art of giving.

We would like to see a TRACT on this much written-upon subject. And when the tract is produced, we would like to see the Church set apart one year to try the experiment. Let a year be fixed, solemnly, prayerfully, and the matter be brought home to the heart of every man, woman, and child, in the Church, that he is to raise as much as he can for, say, the cause of MISSIONS, over and above all other necessary expenditures, and let no one know what he has raised, or how he has, properly of course, raised it, till the end of the year; and then on a fixed day let the collection be made. If $100,000 were not the result it would show but poor progress in learning the art of giving. If we had some one among us apt to teach, and who had the genius for the work, we would like to see him devise a plan, and take a year or two in teaching it to all the churches, and then try it in a practical way.

Here are some earnest laymen who have been at work over a year in trying to get at this matter by having all the children in our Sunday-schools learn the art in one way, viz., by planting a few grains or a few ears of corn, and giving the proceeds to missions. That is right. But why may not the plan be extended to every member of the Church, and not limited to this one method? The ways are innumerable, and it must be left to individual ingenuity to devise them in detail. The principal matter would be to get *each one* to adopt and carry the plan out.

We are willing to contribute $5 towards raising $20 for a TRACT on *this* subject. Let us get a tract, and if it meets the case, let the Church make a trial of the plan. Let no one be troubled lest giving so much one year would tend to deplete our treasuries the following year. It will serve just the opposite purpose. Discovering how easy it is to raise the amount, the Church will go on giving in the same way, because the great majority, all we would fondly hope, give from love to God, and such love will not cease or grow less from such a trial. What *three* persons will join us in paying for a premium TRACT on a Plan of Benevolence, or The Art of Beneficence—or whatever proper name may be given to it. We need the tract at any rate for the individual good it will do, whether the whole Church will heroically set apart a year to test it in or not. *Oh, that all hearts and all hands could once be brought to work* TOGETHER *for our beloved Zion!*

QUIS?

Selections.

PROF. E. C. SMYTH ON REV. JOS. COOK.

It is a pleasant sight to see Mr. Cook lift his large hat to an "improved orthodoxy" and introduce it to his applauding auditory. Some things in his first prelude suggested doubt as to his precise position—whether, indeed, he had returned under a hat or a turban. There is a slight savor of Cæsarism in the second prelude. But his sympathies are too generous, his intellect too active to admit of his remaining long in bondage to any arbitrary system or failing in due season to bring forth things new, as well as old.

It has been publicly announced, although not by the lecturer, that "Mr. Cook means to throw the whole weight of his character, influence, and argument into the scale of the old New England theology, as against Dr. Dorner and his disciples in the matter of eschatology." If any of these disciples, whoever they may be, were present last Monday in Tremont Temple, they must have discovered very early that the predicted attack would not come up to the sounding phrases of this manifesto. Yet there was little occasion to expect any other result. The "improved orthodoxy," as Mr. Cook felicitously characterizes it, is simply an expression of a movement which Mr. Cook, with his sensitiveness to other men's thoughts, can no more help feeling than he can help talking about Mr. Emerson or "my [his] friend, Canon Farrar." In many respects it is but an outgrowth of "the New England theology;" a further development and application of its most characteristic principles, particularly that of free moral personality. There is no such antagonism between this theology and Dr. Dorner's as Mr. Cook allows his hearers to suppose. The talk about a choice between "German state church theology" and "New England standard orthodoxy" is unworthy of Mr. Cook. It smacks of demagogism. It is putting on a turban, a relapse into something lower than legalism, a descent to savagery. It is not seeming for the Monday lecturer, on a platform of "advanced thought" and discussing the gravest questions of religious belief and duty, to raise a tribal war cry. If the duty of New England theology is reduced to a choice between "Park or Dorner," to use Mr. Cook's words, its vocation is gone. Its glory has been that it sought for truth and called no man master. It began with "improvements in Theology," wrought out by a country minister, who "had an uncommon thirst for knowledge, in the pursuit of which he spared no cost nor pains, and who read all the books that he could procure from which he could hope to derive any assistance in discovery of truth." "Park or Dorner, which?" If such a spirit had been that of New England's clergymen or laymen, there never would have been a "New EnglandTheology."

But this paroxysm of the lecturer was fleeting. The second prelude is uttered in a more rational mood. It states, in eighteen propositions, "the philosophical consideration of the question." As a statement of principles, it harmonizes with the teaching the lecturer received at Andover, with the outcome of the conflict between "the New England theology" and "Old Schoolism," and no less perfectly with the "state-church theology of Germany," and with "the eschatology of Dr. Dorner." Mr. Cook remarked that these propositions "might easily be expanded into volumes." He might have added that if his hearers wished to follow such an ampler treatment of them, they would do well to examine the four volumes of Dr. Dorner's "System of Christian Doctrine," English translation. I do not include, however, in these statements, so much of Mr. Cook's propositions as relates to experiences in death. So far as I am aware, neither Dr. Dorner nor Dr. Park, neither the "German state theology" nor "the standard New England orthodoxy" has made any declaration on this special and speculative question. Is it the germ of a "new departure?"

This divergence, as just intimated, seems to be as great from the ordinary New England method as from Dr. Dorner's. It does not seem to be very important—not enough so to oblige one to say that "a man who definitely champions" it "is not precisely the person to teach our young men theological science." Still, as from the "philosophical" point of view of the lecturer it is about the only difference apparent between his eschatology and Dr. Dorner's, it may be well to follow the matter a little further.

The difference is this: Mr. Cook thinks that moral obduracy, on which, with Dr. Dorner, he lays chief stress as the rational basis of permanence in sin and as determining the moral limit of probation, may not be reached until a choice is made under a divine illumination given in death, and this may occur after the breath "leaves the body." Dr Dorner thinks that this choice may be made under an illumination given the other side of death. The two theories may fairly be characterized as probation after breath and probation after death.

Now upon this divergence, which seems to Mr. Cook vastly important, in fact, to involve a test of loyalty to New England and its standard orthodoxy, several questions arise:

1. Does Mr. Cook understand Paul (II Cor. v. 10) to include under "things *done* in the body" things done after the breath "leaves the body?"

2. Mr. Cook refers to Paul's being "caught up to the seventh heaven" (the apostle was content to call it the "third") and adds: "The soul, before it is separate from the body, may very probably hear unspeakable things." Does Mr. Cook think the case analogous? If so, how is he able to transcend the wisdom of the apostle, who said "Whether in the body or apart from the body I know not. God knoweth?" Did Mr. Cook get this knowledge, too, "in being thrown twenty feet down a rocky bank in a sleeping-coach, on a swift railway train?"

Mr. Cook cites Matthew xxv. 43 as confirmatory of his position that men are to be judged for their conduct here, and also of his use of II Corinthians v. 10. Does he suppose that the soul after breath leaves the body, is able, *in the body*, to visit prisoners, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, etc.?

4. Or, does he suppose the apostle, in the allusion to things done in the body, may include things done in the "spiritual body?" If so, how does the text support the proposition that probation ends with death?

5. Mr. Cook deems it "in the highest degree probable that souls are divinely illumined in death, and thus are brought to final permanence of character." He also affirms "that it is the sight of atonement which is the chief force in producing the new birth." How far is this, in principle, from Dr. Dorner's position, that final permanence is reached through a decision in view of atoning love?

6. Mr. Cook characterizes Dorner's eschatology as "bewildering," "narrow," "reversionary," and "hazardous to the souls of men." Will he explain why it is so much safer to teach a probation after breath, than a probation after death? Is an opinion founded on indications of Scripture and on the finality and absoluteness of Christianity, that men, who have not rejected God's character and love as revealed in Christ here, will have opportunity to come to a final decision in view of His claims before coming to His bar, likely to produce more harmful results than the well-nigh heathen position that impenitent men generally may have an opportunity, in death, to make a final choice, under supernatural light, and an unutterable series of voices from the seventh heaven?

7. Is this extension of probation by Mr. Cook anything less than a confession that the old theory with which he starts is moribund and already out of breath? Why does he introduce into the discussion a speculation unsupported by a single text of Scripture and peculiarly liable to perversion? It is because he would hold on to a transient, perishing formula, indigenous to theology and not to Scripture, and yet would not and cannot resist the pressure of principles which transcend it. To Mr. Cook, as well as to Dr. Dorner, it seems congruous with Christianity and with reason, that probation be defined in the sphere of character. An arbitrary limit is unlikely and requires for its acceptance the clearest proof. Mr. Cook realizes this, and so would put into death all the powers of the world to come, all the regenerating forces of the Gospel. The attempt is a flag of distress.

As to the texts which Mr. Cook adduces, so far as they have any relevancy, they are to a large extent exceeded by his own theory. It were not difficult, if the columns of the *Advertiser* were the place for such a discussion, to show their inadequacy to Mr. Cook's purpose. It is the utter breakdown of these alleged proofs, together with a better understanding of the teachings of Scripture and of our moral nature, which is bringing men to deeper, safer, more practical and Christian conclusions than Mr. Cook fully recognizes, although they are foreshadowed by his first proposition: "*Whatever fixes character ends probation.*"—"*Boston Advertiser.*"

Not long ago a ship was wrecked upon the reefs of an island in the Pacific. The sailors, escaping to land, feared lest they might fall into the hands of savages. One climbed a bluff to reconnoitre. Turning to his companions, he shouted, "Come on! here's a Church!" A simple story, but one involving a profound question: Why was it safer for the shipwrecked men to go where a Church upreared its cross than where there was none? That question probes the skepticism of our time to the heart.—*Journal and Messenger.*

Family Reading.

CHRIST ALL IN ALL.

O loving Christ, I look within,
Thou all my hidden life canst see,
Deformed by guilt, defiled by sin,
And yet I trust Thou lovest me.

O loving Christ, I look behind,
And near my tracks upon the sand
A nail-pierced footprint there I find,
Thou hast been ever at my hand.

O loving Christ, I look before,
A mist hangs thick o'er hills and vales;
Thou wilt be with me evermore,
Thy loving guidance never fails.

O loving Christ, I look around,
The flowers are blooming on the earth;
The Rose of Sharon still is found
Amidst them all of greatest worth.

O loving Christ, I look beneath,
Soon must this solid ground give way;
Swiftly draws near resistless death,
Thou wilt be with me in his day.

O loving Christ, I look above,
The Father's house is large and fair,
And in that home of perfect love
I shall be with Thee ever there.

—*Presbyterian.*

WALKING IN SHADOW OR SUNLIGHT.

By Hope Ledyard.

I was walking along the street the other day when I saw a young girl, whom I knew, and a little tot of three years, crawling alopg disconsolately on the shady side of the way It was a side street, and no one was passing, so I called out, "Come over in the sun, Mollie."

The girl looked up, crossed over, and we walked on together, the child dancing along in the happiest manner.

"Why, how pleasant it is on this side!" exclaimed Mollie. "I had no idea it was so warm and cheerful. We were half frozen, and I was going to turn back."

How like that is to many a Christian life! How many find the "narrow way" cold and dreary, and are inclined to turn back and give it up entirely. And, yet, there is the Sun, and they might walk in His light; there is the bright, sunny path of entire and full consecration, of unwavering faith, of perfect submission to Him who "knoweth the way that I take." Let us see if we can find the way out of the shadow into this sunlight.

The very darkest, coldest shadow comes from want of faith. You are wrapping yourself up in your feelings, your attainments, your understanding of God's Word. No wonder you shine dismally, and that the way seems cold and dark. Look across; see such as Frances Ridley Havergal or Hannah Smith, and, I trust, some among your own personal friends, walking in bright sunlight, never thinking whether they feel aright or have yet attained to anything, never questioning God's Word. It is enough that Christ has been perfect for them, that He leads them.

"Ah! but," says one, "some lives are full of shadows—full of trouble."

Thank God, lives are not like houses—they can be brought into the sunlight; and we know that even this created sun has power to break away all shadow—how much more the Uncreated Sun who longs to shine full upon us! I do think we look upon trouble in a very unscriptural way nowadays. I am quite sure that in the apostles' time there were many in the church who were enduring great sorrow and affliction, apart from the fierce persecution which raged, for it may be that great persecution brings with it an exalted state of mind, so we will not consider that at all. But I am sure that many a mother, in the apostles' time, was mourning the loss of her darling, many a wife was dragging through years of devotion to one who was blind to all her self-sacrifice, many a man was beset by terrible business difficulties. Yet, did the apostles pity them, and wish it were in their power to take the load of sorrow, or sacrifice, or anxiety off? "Behold," says St. James, "We count them happy which endure."

Ah! there is the shadow, and beyond, looking at the unseen things, shines the clear light of that Sun which is risen with healing—healing for wounded, tired, discouraged hearts—in His wings. Is it not foolish,—no, is it not wicked,—to walk shivering in the shadow, when by one step, into full faith and acceptance of God's will, you may be in the warmth of His presence?—*S. S. Times.*

THE WAY TO GIVE.

As I was riding one Sabbath with a farmer to church we fell into conversation on the subject of giving. He was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, a man between fifty and sixty years of age.

Said he, "I give a tenth of all I make to the Lord. Every crop of corn, every load of hay, every dozen of eggs I sell I keep account of, and one-tenth of the profit goes to the Lord. It came rather hard at first, but that is past long ago. Now I only have to distribute what is already given. I am ready to listen to any reasonable application, and if I think it a good object it is nothing but a pleasure to give. That tenth I have come to feel belongs to God. I never touch it. I should as soon think of spending my neighbor's money as that."

About the same time I met the pastor of this man. Said he:—"That farmer is not only the largest giver, but the most cheerful giver in my parish. I preach in two churches. He helps liberally in sustaining both, and the money he gives is the least of the blessings he brings to us."

Some time after this I was conversing with a friend in Chicago, a young business man, on the same subject.

"Yes," said he, "I determined, when I was a clerk, the first year that I earned anything for myself, that I would set aside a fixed per centage of my income for benevolence. I made the resolution and I have kept it."

"Well, you began early," I remarked.

"So I did," was the reply, "and it was well I did. My salary was small, and to give the proportion I fixed upon was hard; but there has never been a year since when it would not have been harder. A year or two after I went into business for myself it looked as though every cent was needed for capital. I am afraid I shouldn't have commenced the system that year. But having resolved and made a beginning already I was ashamed to retreat. Then, the year after, I was married. That year I should have begged off, I am sure, if it had not been for the habit, by that time pretty well settled. That carried me through. Soon after came our big fire; then hard times, epizootics—in fact, almost every year something to make that particular year a bad one to begin. Now I always say to my friends, begin to give as soon as you begin to make; start early."

I do not certainly know what proportion of his income the young merchant gives. Probably a tenth; not less, I am sure.

So here in Cleveland. A young man, just beginning his business, came to me alone a few evenings since and said:

"I like this idea of giving a regular proportion, and I'm going to begin now. I think I'll give a tenth. This year that will be five hundred dollars. It looks like a good deal to give away; and my business is growing; it will be more yet, I expect, next year; but it's the right way. My old Bible class teacher used to talk to us boys about it, and I'm going to do it."
—*Rev. Arthur Mitchell, D. D.*

SORROWFUL YET REJOICING.

Some years ago a minister and his wife whom we had known before their marriage had a severe affliction in the loss of their son by a railroad accident The following letter received from the mother of the young man, in answer to a note of sympathy may now, with the suppression of the names be published as illustrating the sustaining power of faith under great sorrow.

My Dear Friend:—Your kind letter brought many pleasant recollections of our early friendship to mind. Many letters have come to us to comfort us in our great sorrow, and all are precious, but none so precious as those from friends of our youth.

I need not enter into any detailed account of this, our first great trial, as a family. Twenty-six years almost since we were married and never a death under our roof. Seven children! and never a bitter tear shed over any of them. Lights and shadows, joys and sorrows such as this life brings to all, but until now no great heart-crushing grief. Shall we murmur? Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord all our days and then rebel when, in His great wisdom, He sends this great trial?

I dare not trust myself to think much of the way our dear boy went home to God. Even yet I have been spared all the sad details. I love best to think that doing his duty, at his post, on that dark, foggy night the Master came and called him, and oh! I am so glad He found him ready. He lived five hours after the accident, was perfectly conscious all the time, never murmured and was calm and composed. When the Doctor told him of his danger, he said that he knew it and was prepared. He sent for me, said he knew his father was away and could not reach him. Several times he put his well hand in his pocket, took out his watch and looked at the time, calmly as if waiting for his train. An hour before he died the Doctor told him that he had not long to live, and asked if he had any messages to send. He spoke out in a clear, strong voice: "Tell father I am not afraid to die, I trust alone in Jesus for salvation, and I know He will receive me," and ten minutes before he went, after having taken a sup of water, he said: "Thank you, I want nothing more, I shall never want anything more."

Dear, brave, unselfish Charlie, strong in body, always ready to extend the helping hand, devoted to us all; and was this the way he was to go? Not one of his own, whom he loved so well, near him? I have no comfort in this thought, but when I think that God was with him—the loving Father and the Friend that "sticketh closer than a brother," my heart is at rest.

Our boy made a profession of religion at fifteen. He never talked much but lived as a Christian He was very distrustful of his own abilities; had too humble an opinion of his own worth to talk much to others, but his life has told much that he could not speak. And now his noble testimony for Christ has gone to the railroaders far and wide. Oh! that some souls may find eternal life through his death!

Have I wearied you? You will excuse me I know. I feel as though the lapse of years were forgotten, and once more I sat beside you as of old, when the future lay so bright before us both. Even then our friendships were more precious because we had learned first of all to love the dear Saviour, and had the bond of a common consecration to His service.

Never have I had such a glorious revelation of Divine things as since this great sorrow came to me. While the waves and billows rolled over me, a light was within—perfect rest, and peace. One sweet promise after another passed through my mind as though illuminated; a very voice seemed to be saying comforting things to me.

Whilst my body weakened under the shock, my spirit grew stronger. It seemed as though the door was really left ajar as Charlie entered in, so near did Heaven seem. I felt as if on some mountain top away above the mists of worldly things. I could see the glorious land above. And I could sing for joy that in the presence of that Jesus in whom he trusted my precious boy now and forever "wants nothing more."

Pray for us dear friend that with fresh consecration we shall enter anew upon our work,—that our last days shall be better than the first. May our Heavenly Father very abundantly bless you, your labors, and your family.

* * * * * * * *

I am as ever your friend,

TABLE MANNERS.

Foreigners are given to criticising Americans for the manner in which they comport themselves at table. They say we eat too fast, take our soup noisily, fill our mouths too full, chew with them open, and eat with knives instead of forks. Whether this is, or is not true, it remains that the training of the rising generation, so as to give them good table manners, is a highly important matter, and one to which every mother should devote her most careful attention.

Good manners are not like company clothes,—to be put on or off at will. Little things which to-day seem more troublesome than important, tend to the formation of habits that will be like second nature to the children by-and-by. Circumstances may place them, when they come to mingle in the world, where the lack of early training to good table habits will be noticeable to others, and perhaps painfully embarrassing to themselves. Sensible mothers, instead of sneering at modern etiquette and fashionable ways, will take pains to conform their teachings to the present usages of good society.

However one may economize in household labor, good taste and much painstaking should govern the appointments of the table and dining-room. An attractive table is a good appetizer, and has something to do with good behavior. Human nature is easily affected by the atmosphere with which it is surrounded; children cannot be expected to behave well in an hour given over to disorder, fretfulness and flurry. Table manners for the housekeeper begin in seeing that her table is neat and attractive, and calculated to inspire cheerfulness; from it she should banish as far as possible all vexations, cares, and worries.

Punctuality at meal-time is due from every member of the family; the chance laggard, even in childhood, owes an apology, and should be taught to make it. Courtesy demands that no one should leave the table until all have finished without saying to the hostess, "please excuse me," and childhood is no exception. All should feel the necessity of making themselves fit for the table, and of bringing cheerful faces, and the very best that is in them to it. If disagreeable topics must be discussed, meal-time is not a suitable hour or the table the proper place for such discussions, and no one should feel any more at liberty to say an unkind or thoughtless word than he would to adulterate the food or withhold it altogether. At the everyday table, no matter how humble it may be, cleanliness, order, mutual respect and good breeding mark the truly refined.—*Selected.*

THE JOY OF PERFECT LOVE.

When love is the master passion of the soul duty rises to delight: "we lose the duty in the joy." Duty is there, stern as ever. It must be. But when the heart is "dead to sin," and perfect love is enthroned, that which would otherwise be a burden or a task becomes a pleasure. The mother owes many a duty to the child of her bosom, and the little one by its very helplessness appeals for their performance. Yet the mother never hears the stern demand of duty. Her warm heart beats to the sweet melodies of a quenchless affection She never thinks of duty while yet she is discharging it. And so with obedience to a heart that perfectly loves God. Nay, the Saviour has in infinite condescension used earthly relationships to teach and illustrate Divine truths. And we find Him calling the Church His "bride." What does it mean? On his side it means that He "loved the Church, and gave Himself for it," that He loved human souls enough to die for each, a whole Christ for every sinner. But surely, on the bride's part, it implies the perfect love that loves too much to serve from duty. Can it mean less? In every age and clime the bride and bridegroom have been the emblems of highest choice, deepest attachment, perfect love. And the moment that affection declines to mere duty the union is broken. It has given up its very life. The outward bond that still exists is but a name, a flower without scent, a cloud without rain, a well without water, a day without brightness. If the Church is the bride of Christ, perfect love should be her very life.

Yes, to perfect love obedience is joy. And it is a thousand-fold more exalted and Christlike to have the whole stream of affection running toward God and obedience, than to have to fight an "enemy within," in order to be able to keep a clear conscience. Better to pray because I delight to, than because I must! And more beautiful to "work the works" which God has given me to fulfill, because "the love of Christ constraineth," than to have the task element as an unlovely feature in one's religious life, through not possessing perfect love.—*The Rev. C. W. L. Christien*

THE FALLOW FIELD.

Julia C. R. Dorr.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down;
The night mist shroudeth the sleeping town;
But if it be dark or if it be day.
If the tempests beat or the breezes play,
Still here on this upland slope I lie
Looking up to the changeful sky.

Naught am I but a fallow field;
Never a crop my acres yield.
Over the wall at my right hand
Stately and green the corn-blades stand,
And I hear at my left the flying feet
Of the winds that rustle the bending wheat.

Often while yet the morn is red
I list for our master's eager tread.
He smiles at the young corn's towering height,
He knows the wheat is a goodly sight,
But he glances not at the fallow field
Whose idle acres no wealth may yield.

Sometimes the shout of the harvesters
The sleeping pulse of my being stirs,
And as one in a dream I seem to feel
The sweep and the rush of the swinging steel,
Or I catch the sound of the gay refrain
As they heap their wains with the golden grain.

Yet, O my neighbors, be not too proud;
Though on every tongue your praise is loud,
Our mother Nature is kind to me,
And I am beloved by bird and bee,
And never a child that passes by,
But turns upon me a grateful eye.

Over my head, the skies are blue;
I have my share of the rain and dew;
I bask like you in the summer sun
When the long bright days pass, one by one,
And calm as yours is my sweet repose
Wrapped in the warmth of the winter snows.

For little our loving mother cares
Which the corn or the daisy bears,
Which is rich with the ripening wheat,
Which with the violets' breath is sweet,
Which is red with the clover bloom,
Or which for the wild-sweet fern makes room.

Useless under the summer sky
Year after year men say I lie.
Little they know what strength of mine
I give to the trailing blackberry vine;
Little they know how the wild grape grows,
Or how my life-blood flushes the rose.

Little they think of the cups I fill
For the mosses creeping under the hill;
Little they think of the feast I spread
For the wild wee creatures that must be fed:
Squirrel and butterfly, bird and bee,
And the creeping things that no eye may see.

Lord of the harvest, Thou dost know
How the summers and winters go.
Never a ship sails east or west
Laden with treasures at my behest,
Yet my being thrills at the voice of God
When I give my gold to the golden-rod.

—*Harper's Magazine.*

WHAT ONE WOMAN DID FOR JAPAN.

In 1880 the prisons of Kioto held an unusual number of political prisoners, taken during the rebellion of the island of Kushu. Many of them were high in rank and honor among their countrymen. A few had been pardoned, many had been executed, while a large number were held as prisoners for a term of years. Much of the public work of the city then was, and is still, accomplished by gangs of prisoners under overseers.

In a remote part of Kioto, an earnest, gifted woman had gathered a girls' school and home. Eager of heart, alert, wise but wary, her noble presence had won its way, with the men and women of Japan, in quarters that were inaccessible to others. "More work for Jesus," was her watchword; and this is what happened to her. One day, at morning worship, a gang of prisoners filed into the yard, and began cutting the grass in the inclosure. The girls were just singing their sweet hymns, "Jesus, I my cross have taken," and "I m glad I'm in this army," and the unusual words and tones arrested the prisoners' ears, all unaccustomed to such sounds, in their own language. Cautiously they crept nearer and nearer to the piazza, till the teacher stepped forward, asking them all to enter. Eagerly they climb the steps, and are soon within the walls; a strange sight for a girls' school,—the overseer with his lash and sword, and these sad-faced men with their clanking chains. But the songs ring out again their glad welcome, and the organ peals forth its sweet tones; then the old, old story is read from the Gospel of Mark.

"That is a strange tale. We would like to hear more of it," say they, slowly filing out.

"Come again, come again! you are welcome," responds the bright-eyed woman, with a silent prayer. So, as the men were brought for two or three days into the same vicinity, the scene was repeated with increasing interest.

After a few weeks a request was sent from the prison for a Christian teacher; and this strong, brave woman went forth fearlessly under guard of an officer of law, if not to preach, at least to *speak* to those souls in prison. Once only, but mark the result. Months after, when some of these men were released and returned to their homes in Kushu, they carried the precious seed dropped into their hearts from the girls' school; and, by and by there came a pleading call for a missionary to be sent, who, responding to the call found a church, all but in name,—a waiting company of believers hungering to be taught of the Lord.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and at evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, either this or that!"

Does not "what this woman hath done" deserve to be told as a memorial of her in all lands?—*S. S. Times.*

THR PUMP AT COLOGNE.

I was in Cologne on a rainy day, and I was looking out for similes and metaphors, as I generally am, but I had nothing on earth to look at in the square of the city but an old pump, and what kind of a simile I could make out of it I could not tell. All traffic seemed suspended, it rained so hard; but I noticed a woman come to the pump with a bucket. Presently I noticed a man come with a bucket, nay, he came with a yoke and two buckets. As I kept on writing and looking out now and then, I saw the same friend with the often-buckets and the blue blouse coming to the same pump again. In the course of the morning I think I saw him a dozen times. I thought to myself, "Ah, you do not fetch water for your own house, I am persuaded; you are a water carrier; you fetch water for lots of people, and that is why you come oftener than anybody else." Now, there was a meaning that at once went to my soul, that as I not only have to go to Christ for myself, but had been made a water-carrier to carry the water of everlasting life to others, I must come a great deal oftener than anybody else. I am sure it is so. You cannot labor in your Sunday-school class, dear friends, you cannot take that village station, you cannot act as deacons in the church so as to glorify God, especially you cannot come fresh to a congregation from Sunday to Sunday, year after year, always with something sparkling and fresh and cheering and refreshing, unless you are constantly going to the Great Source yourself. In proportion as there is a draw upon you, take care that you keep up the supplies.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

None can comprehend eternity but the eternal God. Eternity is an ocean whereof we shall never see the shore: it is a deep where we can find no bottom; a labyrinth whence we cannot extricate ourselves, and where we shall ever lose the door.—*Boston.*

Useful Hints and Recipes.

Fried Cakes.—One cup of sugar, one of cream, three eggs, cinnamon or nutmeg, half teaspoonful soda; cut in rings or twist and fry in lard—or better still, beef drippings.

Steamed Loaf.—Three cups of corn meal, one cup of flour, two cups of sweet milk, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful each of salt and soda, one teaspoonful of sugar; mix all together thoroughly, put into a suitable dish (I use a cake pan), place in steamer and steam for three hours. A good substitute for bread, or very good dessert for fruit and cream.

How to Cook Oatmeal.—Many dislike oatmeal because too often it has a bitter taste. This is caused by rapid cooking by which it is apt to be burnt. When cooked by this recipe it is a delicate, delicious and most healthy food: One cup of oatmeal, one teaspoonful of salt put in one pint of cold water in a covered vessel, immerse the pail in a kettle of boiling water, and cook one hour. Do not stir it. We cook it the day before and steam it over for breakfast, as it saves time.

An Economical Table Cover.—By the following method a simple, cheap, and yet very pretty cover for a table or stand may be quickly made. A heavy double-faced canton flannel is now manufactured, in various colors, having the nap on both sides, and is on sale generally. Either this or the single-faced can be used, but the double-faced is preferable on account of its extra thickness. The shade can be selected to match the furniture. When cut to a suitable size, it is bordered with a contrasting shade of the same material of any desired width; but this is best made of the single nap flannel, as the double would be a little clumsy. The border is cut out of double width and folded so as to leave the fold for the outside edge, and stitched on. To cover the seam, sew on a strip of velvet or velveteen with cross or feather stich of filoncelle, of contrasting shade; gold is preferable. This comes in all colors and costs but little, and each thread can be split into two or three threads. —*Ex.*

Scorched and Yellowed Linen.—When linen has turned yellow, cut up a pound of fine white soap into a gallon of milk, and hang it over a fire in a wash-kettle. When the soap has completely melted, put in the linen and boil it half an hour, then take it out. Have ready a lather of soap and water; wash the linen in it, and then rinse it through two cold waters, with a very little blue in the last. When linen has been scorched, use the following remedy: Add to a quart of vinegar, the juice of half a dozen large onions, about an ounce of soap rasped down, a fourth of a pound of fuller's earth, one ounce of lime, and one ounce of pearlash. Boil the whole until it is pretty thick, and spread some of it upon the scorched part. Allow it to remain until dry, then scrape it off and wash. Two or three applications will restore the linen, unless so much scorched that the fiber is destroyed. A little pipe clay dissolved in the water used for washing linen will clean it thoroughly, with half the amount of soap and a great diminution of labor. The articles will be greatly improved in color, and the texture will be benefited.—*Housekeeper.*

Youth's Department.

WAYSIDE WAIFS.

Beautiful flowers, and beautiful thoughts
That gather the flowers together,
For shelter under the crystal roofs,
From the chill of the wintry weather.
O dear little angels, gold, pink and blue,
We know that the world is better for you.

But, ah! there are flowers that will need our care
On the highways and byways fading;
Dear, sweet little blossoms, more grandly fair,
And so few to see to their shading;
Cold, shivering limbs, and wee, shoeless feet,
That patter along the ice-covered street.

Will no one be kind to the homeless things,
For the sake of the one great Father?
Will none in the shelter of some warm eaves
Those bright, living promise-buds gather?
They will grow into flowers, and He will say,
"Ye gather'd My wildings from the highway."

Harvest the gems from the meads, if you will,
And charm the dark days with their beauty,
But the tiny blossoms, with human souls,
Must not be forgot in our duty;
Some wanderer saved from the frosts of time
May bloom in the fields of a fairer clime.

—*Wm. Lyle.*

FAIRY WISHES NOWADAYS.

Tinkey lay under a wide-spreading apple tree, upon a bed of half-dried grass, that was not yet hay, but sending out the most delicious perfume of clover blossoms. The thick leaves of the tree made a cool shade where Tinkey was lying. He speculated as to whether Mrs. Davidson would have ice-cream at the party to which Tinkey and his brothers and sisters were invited that afternoon.

"It must be lovely to be as rich as Mrs Davidson," thought Tinkey, lazily, "and I might have had as much money once, if I had only wished for it. If I had another such a chance———"

"Well, what would you do with it if you had?"

Tinkey sat bolt upright and stared. That sharp, clear voice was certainly one he had heard before, and right in front of him, daintily balanced upon the tiniest of hay-cocks, was the little old-woman fairy, in her red cloak and pointed cap.

"Oh!" said Tinkey, "are you going to let me have another wish?"

"H'm!" said the fairy, "you don't seem to make much out of one wish. Suppose I give you a dozen or twenty."

"Oh!" cried Tinkey.

"Yes," said the little old woman. "I am going to see to-day how much you are to be trusted with having your own way, so, between now and sunset, I am going to let you have everything you wish for. Only, remember this: you can have but one wish for one thing. No 'takings back,' you understand. So if you wish yourself a goose, a goose you will have to remain. Good-by."

Tinkey tried to decide upon the treasures he should collect between that hour and sunset. To test his power, he said, with an air of command:

"I wish for a plate of ice-cream."

There it was, right in his hand, cold, white, delicious, and, to Tinkey's amazement, no matter how fast he ate, the white heap upon the plate did not grow any smaller; but when he had had enough, and put down the plate on the hay, it melted in a second—spoon, plate, and cream vanishing like a dew-drop in the sun.

But, while he was still thinking of that, the dinner-horn sounded faint and far away.

"Oh dear!" sighed lazy Tinkey. "I wish I was at the table."

The wish was scarcely formed before he felt himself lifted up and shot across the meadow, in at the kitchen door, and plump into his chair, with a whizzing rapidity that took his breath away and raised a serious doubt in his mind whether walking was not preferable to this sort of fairy locomotion.

There was a great confusion of voices all through dinner, the children hurrying through the meal to dress for Mrs. Davidson's.

"Your clothes are all on your bed," Tinkey's mother said, as he went up stairs. "and remember your new suit must be your best one all summer."

Tinkey rushed to his rooom, entirely forgetting the fairy and her promise.

The new suit, a pretty light gray, lay upon the bed, while on a chair were his new shoes. Tinkey took up the pretty pair of gray pants. It was the very first city-made suit he had ever possessed, his usual dress being the outgrown clothing of his older brother. But this one suit was his own, made for him, fitting him, and he handled it carefully. It was still buttoned up, as it had come home, and, taking his seat upon the side of the bed, Tinkey unbuttoned one button, a second, but the third seemed to be too large for the button-hole, and would not come through. He twisted it and pushed it, coaxed it and jerked it, pushed it to the right, pulled it to the left, till he got red in the face, lost his temper, and cried aloud:

"Bother the old pants! I wish they were in Jericho."

One jerk freed them from Tinkey's hold, and they soared into the air, as if with wings, escaping his outstretched hands, and flying through the open window like some huge, awkward bird, the new blue suspenders dangling provokingly out of reach.

Tinkey was ready to cry, but, instead, said:

"I wish for another pair of pants."

But the wish was unheard or unheeded in fairyland, and he sadly remembered that he could not have two wishes for any one thing. "Why can't I remember to think before I speak?" thought Tinkey, ruefully taking up his everyday pants, thrown aside with such contempt.

"Perhaps they won't show much with a new coat and vest," thought Tinkey.

A call from down-stairs hurried him.

"We're all ready, Tinkey! Come!"

All ready! There was no time then to lose.

Tinkey caught up his new shoes and thrust in one foot. A new shoe is not the very best thing to try to put on in a hurry, and so he found it. Voices from down-stairs were impatiently shouting: "Tinkey! Tinkey," as he tugged violently, but without avail, at the shoe his mother had thought had better be "one size larger."

"Oh, come on!" said Tinkey. "I wish the shoes were twice as big!"

On slipped the shoe as easily as if it had been greased, Tinkey's foot lost in its suddenly increased size. Twice as big! To the round eyes gazing at them they looked as big as the barn, and if any little reader doubts it, let him measure twice the length and breadth of his boot, and put his foot upon the measure.

Tinkey kicked the shoe into the corner of the room with a passionate sob.

"I won't go!" he cried. "I won't wear my old pants and shoes with a great patch on them!"

"Are you never coming?" shouted Bob from down-stairs.

"I'll walk over! Don't wait for me!" Tinkey answered, and could hear them all laugh as Fannie said:

"Tinkey's prinking! Won't he be fine!"

Should he go? Mrs. Davidson's annual party was not to be lightly set aside, and was one of the great pleasures in Tinkey's quiet country life. Perhaps among so many his dress would not be noticed. Very listlessly he took up the blacking-brush, and polished his old shoes to such perfection that, after all, the patches were scarcely seen, and with a lighter heart, Tinkey sprang to complete his dressing. The mirror, by the aid of which he arranged his collar and neck-tie, did not reflect his pants, and the pretty silk tie was very becoming. Actually, Tinkey was whistling when he took up the comb to part his hair.

Now, Tinkey's hair was what old nurses call "stubborn," and the more Tinkey brushed, the more persistently it stuck out. He parted it on the left; he tried a parting on the right; he made a lovely white line down the middle; he "banged" it over his forehead, and each way looked worse than the last.

"Oh, I wish I hadn't any hair!" cried impatient Tinkey.

Was there a rain of feathers? What was that flying into his eyes, up his nostrils, tickling his ears, down his throat, through a mouth opened wide in amazement? Hair! hair! hair! The whole room seemed to be full of it, flying here and there, as if every hair was a fairy laughing at Tinkey's dismay. And when at last it had all swept itself with one grand rush out at the open window, Tinkey's head was as bald as a china door-knob.

He gave one despairing glance at the mirror, caught up his old coat, crammed his polo cap tightly over his bald pate, and rushed out of the house. Nobody noticed him as he ran, not to Mrs. Davidson's, but into the woods, into the deepest shadow he could find under the tall trees where he threw himself down and cried like a baby.

"No wonder Father says, 'Think first, speak afterward,'" sobbed Tinkey. "A pretty-looking object I have made of my self, and I cannot imagine what Mother will say about my shoes and pants, And they must be having such a nice time now, playing all sorts of games. I've half a mind to wish it would rain. No, I wont! I am not quite such a beast as that, anyhow! Oh dear, how hot it is! I wish—no! no! I don't wish anything. Dear me! I was just going to wish I was in a snow-bank! Now, I won't make another foolish wish; not one! And as I can't go to the party such a guy, I'll just think, as hard as ever I can, of real sensible things.

"Oh, what shall I wish for first?" he thought, sitting down upon a fallen tree-trunk. "I wonder if it isn't best to wish for a million dollars, and then I can buy everything I want. I don't believe I would get it. I wish for a dollar!" he cried aloud, and felt in the palm of his hand a pressure of something round. There it lay, a bright silver dollar, shining as if it had just left the mint.

"I do believe I can have them!" thought Tinkey, who had been rather scared at the magnitude of his proposed wish, "but I must hurry up; the sun is certainly going down." He stood up and waved his arm aloft.

"I wish for a million dollars!" he cried. In a second the great silver dollars rained down upon him, as if every leaf in the trees above his head had been turned into coin. They flew into his face, striking him with their sharp metallic edges, bruising his cheeks, his nose, his eyes; they piled up around him, each one hitting a blow as it fell. His feet were prisoned fast, his legs, his knees; he was being banked up in a silver prison, and yet the air was full of the novel hail-storm.

"Oh, I shall be smothered, buried alive!" cried poor, frightened Tinkey, trying vainly to run away, and thrashing out his arms in every direction, as he tried to beat back the stinging, bruising pieces of coin that were threatening to cover him entirely.

"Oh, what shall I do? Stop! I wish you to stop! I shall be killed!"

Then he heard a mocking little laugh, and on one silver dollar that balanced itself in the air, just before his eyes, he saw the fairy herself, laughing at his dismay.

"Stop!" she cried, moving her crutch, and the dollars settled down upon the trees, the bushes, the grass; on Tinkey's shoulders, on his cap, and on the pile in which he already stood waist-deep.

"So you don't want a million dollars?" she said. "I can't find out what you do want! I give you everything you wish for and still you are not satisfied!"

She sat down on the dollar that rocked gently in the air.

"There is nothing like a million dollars here yet," she said, "but you can have what is wanting to complete that sum in one minute."

"No! No!" cried Tinkey, seeing the crutch lifted. "What is the use of a million dollars if you are buried alive in them? I wish you would go away, and let me alone!" he burst out, in an angry sob. The fairy leaned forward and gave him one smart blow with her crutch, right on the tip of the nose. It was such a dreadful blow—for she was very angry—that Tinkey for a moment lost all consciousness.

When he recovered his senses he was lying under the apple tree, but the sun was hidden behind thick clouds, the wind was blowing a gale, scattering the half-ripe apples upon the ground, and threatening rain so decidedly that even lazy Tinkey was roused to running quickly until he was safely in-doors again.—*S. A. Shields, in St. Nicholas for January.*

THE FIRST BUTTON WRONG.

"Dear me!" said little Janet, "I buttoned just one button wrong, and that made all the rest wrong!" and Janet tugged away, and fretted, as if the poor buttons were quite to blame for her trouble.

"Patience! patience!" said mamma, smiling at the little fretful face, "and next time look out for the wrong button; then you'll keep all the rest right. And," added mamma, as the last button was put in its place, and the scowling face was smooth once more, "look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another are sure to follow."

Janet remembered how, one day not long ago, she struck baby Alice; that was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it; that was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong just because one went wrong—because her naughty little hand struck baby! The best thing she could do, to make it right again, was to tell mamma how naughty she had been, and ask her to forgive her; but that was much harder than just to do the buttons again.

Janet thought it all over, and between the buttons and her very unhappy day, I think she learned never again to forget to look out for the first wrong deed.—*Herald of Mercy.*

A LITTLE PHILOSOPHER.

The days are short and the nights are long,
And the wind is nipping cold;
The tasks are hard and the sums are wrong,
And the teachers often scold.
But Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the way?
"It will all come right
By to-morrow night,"
Says Johnny McCree to-day.

The plums are few and the cake is plain,
The shoes are out at the toe;
For money you look in the purse in vain—
It was all spent long ago.
But Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the street?
Would you have the blues
For a pair of shoes
While you have a pair of feet?

The snow is deep, there are paths to break,
But the little arm is strong,
And work is play if you'll only take
Your work with a bit of song.
And Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the road?
He will do his best,
And will leave the rest
To the care of his Father, God.

The mother's face it is often sad,
She scarce knows what to do;
But at Johnny's kiss she is bright and glad—
She loves him. and wouldn't you?
For Johnny McCree,
Oh, what cares he,
As he whistles along the way?
The trouble will go,
And "I told you so,"
Our brave little John will say.

—*Mrs. Sangster, in Harper's Young People.*

THE FOXES.

"Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes." Most of you children have seen a fox, with his bright eyes, and sharp nose, and bushy tail; but I doubt if any of you have ever seen any very young foxes. Solomon lived in Judea, where all the farmers had vineyards belonging to their farm, and these little foxes were often seen, and gave much trouble. Fences were built around the vineyards to keep them out, but sometimes there would be a hole in the fence, and even if it was not big enough for the old foxes, some of the young ones would generally find their way through, and have a rare feast of grapes. The old foxes were bad enough, but they were generally satisfied to eat and run home while the young ones would race and tear round, dragging the vines off the trellises, and sometimes, in sheer mischief, pulling some of them up by the roots. Perhaps King Solomon sat in a summer-house overlooking the palace garden, and noticed what havoc the little foxes were making; and this, perhaps, set him thinking of his boyhood, and how he had let some little foxes find their way into his heart, and what mischief they had caused.

I want to warn you children of some of these foxes which I have seen trying to slip through the fences and spoil some of the young vines and tender grapes in your hearts.

The name of one of these little foxes is *Ill-Temper*. You may always know him by his black look. He does not look full of fun, like other mischievous little foxes, but sits and scowls. You have been having a good time at some play, when suddenly one boy or girl gets very angry, and the fun is over. You know what was the matter. It was the little black fox, *Ill-Temper*, who slipped through the fence of that child's heart. Or perhaps a boy's mother wants him to carry a message over to a neighbor's house. Some little boys would go cheerfully. Others scowl, and mutter something about "I don't want to go." O, that mischievous little black fox! If you want to grow up bright, happy, cheerful men and women catch this little fox, and if you cannot tame him and make him useful *kill him*. I should not advise you to try any experiments in taming foxes; I never saw any one yet who succeeded in it, and I do not think you will.

Now, there is another little fox which generally runs with this one, and his name is *Selfishness*. Whenever you see *Ill-Temper*, if you look close, there is *Selfishness* close beside him. When I see a boy or girl trying to take the best of every thing, and never thinking of others, I say to myself, "Poor child, he has let in that little fox, and now the tender grapes and young vines will be ruined." When I see a mother very tired with a hard day's work, and her daughter, quite old enough to help her, sitting down to read some pleasant story-book or running out to visit some companion, I say to myself, "How fast that little fox, *Selfishness*, does grow; he will soon be big enough to destroy all this beautiful vineyard." But sometimes I hear a pleasant voice saying, "Let me help you. I am not tired at all." Then I know there is no chance for that little fox in that vineyard, and he will have to run for his life. I am afraid most of us let that fox in sometimes, and that is the reason why our vines bear so little good fruit. But some of you children will say, "I did not mean to be selfish. I did not think." That reminds me of another little fox, the most innocent-looking little fellow in the whole family, but dreadfully mischievous. His name is *Thoughtlessness*. There is a little girl crying; I go up to her and say, "Sissy, what's the matter?" She swallows a big lump in her throat, and then tells me what a very unkind thing her sister has said to her. Her sister does say sharp things sometimes, and forgets them as soon as she said them, but the little one does not forget them so easily. Children, you *must* think; you are all old enough to think before you say unkind things; and if you stop to think you will never want to say them. Don't let this little fox in. He looks innocent enough, but you cannot trust him. If I had time I would tell you of some other mischievous little foxes, such as *Wilfulness*, *Disobedience*, *Bad Language*, *Sabbath-Breaking* and *Untruthfulness*, but I need not speak of them now. But how shall we get rid of these foxes? First, by keeping a sharp lookout for them; and second, by praying God to help us. Children, we can do our best to get rid of our faults, and we *must* do our best, but we need help. Our friends help us, our parents, our teachers, our pastors—all try to help us; but we want God's help most of all. Will you not all ask God to help you?—*Presbyterian.*

Pleasantries.

John, a Scotchman, meeting James was asked if he knew a certain Peter. "Ken Peter?" said he, "Hoots, man! fine dae I ken him. Him and me's sleepit thegither in the same kirk for the last twenty years."

"Mabel, why you dear little girl!" exclaimed her grandfather, seeing his little grand-daughter with her head tied up, "have you got the headache?"

"No," she replied quickly, "I haven't dot headache, but I dot a spit-turl."

Dr. Neale was once strongly urged to perform some service, but he objected, pleading a prior engagement. This turned out to be to have several teeth extracted. Finally the doctor said, referring to the person who had desired his presence, "Tell him I'll go if he'll take my place at the dentist's."

Down in Salem the other day a bright little girl was sent to get some eggs, and on her way back stumbled and fell, making sad havoc with the contents of her basket. "Won't you catch it when you get home, though!" exclaimed her companion. "No, indeed, I won't," she answered. "I've got a grandmother.

Mrs. Partington and the Judge: "Are you the judge of reprobates?" said Mrs Partington, as she walked into an office of a Judge of Probate. "I am a Judge of Probate," was the reply. "Well, that s it, I expect," quoth the old lady. "You see my father died detested, and he left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner."

A German, who only left the old country about a year ago, but has become very much Americanized, speaking nothing but bad English, recently remarked, as he bought some some school books, that all his boys' names began with S; hence that all their books and clothes were marked with that one letter. "I suppose your boys' names are Sam, Simon, Solomon, or some such names." "No; my poys' names all pegin mit an S—Shon, Shim, Shake and Sherry."

"I hope, sor, you will assist a poor man whose house and everything that was in it, including me family, sor, was burned up two months ago last Thursday, sor." The merchant to whom this appeal was addressed, while very philanthropic, is also very cautious, so he asked:—"Have you any papers or certificate to show that you lost anything by the fire?" "I did have a certificate, sor, signed before a notary public, to that effect, but it was burned up, sor, in the house with me family and the rist of me effects." The tears ran out of the merchant's eyes from laughing as he handed over a quarter.

THE MESSENGER.

REV. P. S. DAVIS, D.D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

REV. A. R. KREMER,
REV. D. B. LADY,
REV. H. H. W. HIBSCHMAN, D. D.,
} SYNODICAL EDITORS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects, and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1883.

We have received too late for publication this week, from the Treasurer of the Board a statement of monies received for Home Missions. As no dates are given in this statement, we do not know when the respective amounts were paid into his hands, but we do know that he has recently been obliged to appeal more than once to the Church for funds to meet the obligations to our missionaries and that there is still a demand not only for prompt payments but for increased contributions.

We have just been shown a letter stating that one of our missionaries is in great distress. "He is in a prostrate condition, and needs food and medicine." We are not going to humiliate that brother by publishing his name. He is one of those who would sooner suffer in silence than beg, and the knowledge of his wants comes to us through a neighbor. It would be more fitting to find out and publish the names of those who have kept their pockets closed, or who have been so thoughtless as not to remit money already collected.

We are sure that our people do not take in the situation. Our missionaries have only the smallest possible support promised to them, and there is so much delay and uncertainty in getting what is pledged that they cannot depend upon it, and they are often reduced to distress. Unfortunately their support is looked upon by many pastors of well-to-do congregations as a mere gratuity. They are not to expect anything but the crumbs that are left, and must wait for even them long after others are done eating. We repeat that it is hard even for pastors who have a good living and a "donation" thrown in to realize the hardships of ministers who are separated by distance from the main body of the Church and are often struggling among people as poor as themselves. For them there are no perquisites. Every thing is a square fight against want, and this is to be carried on as a side issue, while their main business is to preach the gospel.

We are certain that these sufferings of our missionaries are due to sheer want of consideration on the part of pastors and people. If we were to speak this little piece to a Synod many a preacher's hand would go into his pocket. If we could present the case to congregations, we could secure provisions enough to fill the brother's larder in every one of them. On every hand would come the cry, "This must not be. We did not know of such destitution."

That is all well enough,—we hope the case in hand will be speedily relieved. But let it be remembered that such cases are always liable to occur, and that the way to provide against them, is by increased collections and prompt payments. Let Mr. William H. Seibert, Treas., at Harrisburg hear from you without delay.

MISSIONARY FOR JAPAN.

The fact that repeated calls have been made for a missionary for Japan and no satisfactory or conclusive response been received must not be taken, we think, as evidence that there are no young men among us willing to devote themselves to this work. We venture to suggest that perhaps the call would be more effective if it were more *specific*. Let the Board, or perhaps still better the Synod, present the call to some particular person, just as the Church at Antioch set apart Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto the Holy Ghost called them. The call was not general, or broadcast, for *some one* to go, but it specifically named these two. True, it may be said the call there was from the Holy Spirit, in the midst of the ministry of certain prophets and teachers; but we know that certain extraordinary gifts of the Spirit were vouchsafed to the Apostolic Church, which are not bestowed in the same form now. The Spirit operates ordinarily through means, and the judgment and choice of the Church we may regard as one of such instrumentalities. A young man may feel the force of a subjective call, and yet he hesitates to present himself, it may be, lest perchance the judgment of the Church may not concur with his qualifications and call. Let the call come to him specifically from the Church, and then let him decide whether it comes also from the Holy Spirit.

Such is the order in a call to take charge of a particular congregation; why not the same order be pursued in regard to the call to enter the foreign field? We at least make the suggestion, without designing to call into question the wisdom of the course hitherto pursued by the Board. We only give it as our private opinion, and for the consideration of those whom it may concern. In any case it should be understood, we think, that the failure to respond may be, and doubtless is, not owing to an unwillingness on the part of our young men to go into the foreign field, but rather to a feeling of modesty and diffidence in regard to the question of a call. It is a somewhat difficult matter to present one's self as having a call, and yet discover perhaps that the judgment of the Church differs from our own in the case. Might not the trial be made?

It will be seen from an article copied on our first page from the *Boston Advertiser* that Prof. Smyth of Andover turns a calcium light upon Rev. Jos. Cook's "after breath" theory. We re-publish it simply that our readers may see how even New England Theologians look at some questions now occupying public attention.

Mr. Cook in a more recent lecture, gave not only a "Prelude" but an "Interlude" in which he shows the weakness of bad humor when speaking of the way the religious press has handled him, and he goes so far as to doubt the earnestness and sincerity of those who differ from him. Mr. Cook may be the person uniquely described by the *Gospel Banner* as "the Boston gentleman who gave the plan upon which the universe was created his unqualified endorsement," but he is himself by pre-eminence a critic and must expect to run the gauntlet when he makes foolish and dangerous assertions.

The *Independent* which publishes Mr. Cook's lectures in full says, "The question of probation after death, or after breath is more hypothetical than practical," and does not propose to have any occasion to ask the question. That is certainly the wise and safe plan. But Mr. Cook while properly warning men against the mere "guess" of probation after death, seems to think there is an argument for his "after breath" theory in the experience of men who have recovered from what seemed to be death. He cites the well authenticated fact that drowning persons have all the events of their lives brought before them in a single instant But we have never heard of any one who was "converted" *during any such perilous moment*, though some have been brought to repentance and faith, after the breath has been pumped back into their apparently lifeless bodies. Mr. Cook narrates his own vivid experiences during a rail-way accident. But other persons have had different experiences. A number of years ago a young man was standing on the front of a moving car, listening to a brakesman's boast of the way he would cling to his wheel in case of a smash, when all at once the rails parted and the car went down an embankment. The young man went in advance, the brakeman followed, and the heavy coach came tumbling after. Destruction yawned; and yet the youth could not but laugh to see that brakesman's flight from the car with the motion of one swimming in the air and trying to resist the law of gravitation. The sense of the ludicrous was was uppermost in that critical moment, and there is reason to believe that in most cases leading propensities and ruling passions are strong even in death. Charles Lamb is said to have perpetrated a half profane pun, when consciously dying. It is well not to presume upon the supernatural illuminations of such an hour.

Rev. N. H. Skyles of the Jefferson Charge, Md, was "lured" away from his home one evening lately, just to see an elder's lemon and orange trees bending with golden fruit, and when he came home he found provisions enough in the parsonage to open a grocery store. Even his old horse "Tom Peters," that had done faithful work in Huntingdon Co., Pa, and was transferred to Maryland where his former owner had no further use for him, was remembered.

Is it to be supposed that people who all over the Church, devise such liberal things for their own pastors, would allow a missionary to suffer for food or medicine if they knew of the want? Not a bit of it. They might not be able to get the perishable provisions to the sick man's door, but they would sell some of them, and send him the money.

Prof William M. Nevin was seventy-seven years old on Wednesday the 7th inst., and on the evening of that day the Faculty of the College, the Senior Class and a few other friends paid their respects to him at his home. We are sure that he is held in affectionate regard by all who have enjoyed his instruction during his long and faithful service. And he deserves this. With all his accomplishments there is no evidence that he ever laid one poor thought upon the altar of vanity, but others are not disposed to measure him by the modest opinion he has of himself.

Our Church owes much to him, for if our leading college survived the night that preceded the dawn of better endowment it was because he with others worked on in the darkness. That he will have his reward not only in the memory of his pupils, but in the great day of God, we have no doubt.

The *Evening Telegraph* in a report of a meeting of the United Presbyterian ministers recently held in this city says:

"An essay was read by Rev. A. T. McDill, editor of the *Christian Instructor*, on the question, 'Is there any authority in the New Testament for any other stated festival day than the Sabbath?' He believed that there were four days of equal, and perhaps superior, rank with the Sabbath—Christmas, New Year, Palm Sunday, and Easter.''

If correctly reported that is altogether different from anything we were led to expect from a United Presbyterian brother. Most of them, though properly very strict in their notions of the Sabbath, are nevertheless severe on Church festivals.

The *Independent*, which has always been distinguished for its straightforward and impartial criticisms, says in its issue of the 15th inst., "We doubt if our readers are fully aware how good *The Reformed Quarterly Review* is." That is just what has been the matter all along. Our own people hardly appreciate it, and most of those outside of our communion hardly know of it. We are certain that in the main its articles will compare favorably with any other publication of the kind, and we are glad that our contemporary thinks so well of the January Number.

As we are frequently asked in regard to the matter, we state again, that Mr. Charles G Leland's work on "Industrial Art in Schools." has been published by the United States Government, and that a copy will be sent *gratis* to any one who will forward his or her name and post-office address to *General John Eaton, Commissioner, Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.* The pamphlet contains much valuable information for those interested in any manner in the minor arts or in education, or who may desire hints for self-instruction. It will cost only a postal card, and will be very suggestive to those who may desire their own improvement, or wish to incite others to pleasant and profitable work. The wives and daughters of our ministers will doubless find it very helpful to them in their own homes and in the communities in which they live. Get it and study it by all means.

CHARITY.

The song of songs which is St. Paul's. Solomon's was the best of his time—Paul's, of a later day, better still. Both are on the general subject of charity, that is, Love. The wise King of Israel expresses his sentiments in poetic form of matchless beauty: the great apostle, intending to write prose, produces a sacred poem that surpasses all the efforts of genius in all ages. We need scarcely say that we refer to 1 Cor. 13.

In the Revised version we have "love" substituted for "charity," which is not new at all, as it has been commonly understood that the former better represents the word in the original Greek. Yet it is convenient to use the word charity in this discussion, since it is customary to represent by it certain practical features of that queen of Christian graces.

Charity is spoken of as the chief of the graces and sum of all Christian virtues. Without it all other qualities and gifts are worthless. The ability to speak eloquently concerning heavenly things—with the tongues of men and of angels—can exist in those who are earthly, sensual, devilish. There may be correct and extensive knowledge of Divine truth, without a particle of charity. There may be traditional and intellectual faith that the most violent persecution could not conquer—and yet no charity. But how is this? a man may give all his goods *to feed the poor*, and still not have charity?

The seeming paradox is explained by the positive characteristics of this queen of the graces. It is long-suffering and kind; not envious, proud and puffed up, self-seeking, revengeful. It does not rejoice in the moral retrogression of men, but in their advancement in truth and righteousness. It beareth all the affronts of evil men—believeth all intimations of good even in its enemies—hopeth the best when evil reports are rife—endureth all things.

Any one may see that the kind of charity which usually passes under that name is not what St. Paul celebrates in his glowing tribute. He speaks of it, characterizes it, and sets it forth, as LOVE, the bond of perfectness, the fulfilling of the Divine law. This charity, or love, is the pure and undefiled religion spoken of by St. James: "To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Precisely what certain so-called charitable men are not inclined to do. Personal attention to the poor, sick, friendless, outcast, and strangers, and ministering to their necessities, indicates a state of mind and heart under the power of love. And that is conformity to Christ, who was concerned for His people not merely in the mass, but individually, each one being dear to Him. "He calleth His own sheep *by name* and leadeth them out."

Charity without this personal love is only refined selfishness. It may build churches, hospitals and charitable institutions, but that may all be done without the prompting of the love of which St. Paul speaks and without the practical religion of St. James.

The relation of true charity to what is usually called liberality is that of foun tain to stream. Liberality is excellent if it proceeds from that unfailing grace, but not otherwise. Then all those qualities and works which are nothing without charity, are beautiful and of great value if joined with it.

Lent may be with some a season of enforced prayer and fasting, more pretended than real in many cases, perhaps; but with all sincere Christians that observe it, this solemn time of humiliation is specially appropriate for personal ministrations to the poor and suffering. Our Saviour's journey to Jerusalem was a continuous illustration of the cardinal grace of charity As if the view of the cross, on which He must soon suffer and die, urged Him on in the performance of deeds of mercy and goodness. So we also, as in mind and spirit we proceed toward Calvary, should have the same disposition that was in Christ, and join to our special prayers and fasting the giving of alms for the benefit of the Lord's poor brethren. Let not the season of Lent be treated to a mere form of words, but rather let it appear glorious with deeds that savor of the love of our Saviour's cross. "With such sacrifices God is well pleased." K.

THE DUTY OF DEACONS.

The diaconate is also by Divine appointment, and much of that which we have said concerning the responsibilities of Elders is applicable to Deacons. In the very beginning of the Christian Church we have men appointed to fill this office, and placed under solemn obligations to contribute a special part toward the upbuilding, and proper management, of the Church. In no more creditable service can men engage, although the office is the lowest of the three in the house of the Lord, but not, therefore, of no importance and responsibility. It is of great moment. The office is of God. It is a position of honor and trust, and no good and pious man should hesitate to fill it when elected to do so.

Deacons are to take charge of the business side of the congregations. To them are the temporalities of the kingdom committed. If they do not look sharply and conscientiously after the business affairs of the Church, as many a pastor has to his sorrow experienced, much difficulty, perplexity, and dissatisfaction arises among the flock. Read the historic narrative of the institution of this office, Acts. 6: 1–16. What do you learn? This: that the office was constituted because of complaint that the widows were neglected in the daily distribution of the alms of the people of God. Not every good and pious man of a congregation is, however, qualified to fill this office. Men may be very consistent Christians, and irreproachable members of the Church, but lack the practical turn of mind requisite to fill aright the office.

Deacons are to be men of business snap and tact; men who manage well and successfully their own personal affairs. I once had the pleasure and great satisfaction of having a deacon associated with me in church work, who carried forward the business interests of the congregation of which we were office-bearers, most successfully. I asked him, at the end of three years' work, wherein the secret of his great success lay, for he was a man pressed with a multitude of his own business cares. He answered: "*There is no secret about it. It lies just in this: I look after the business of the Church as I do after my own personal matters.*" That is the secret of managing aright the business side of the congregations. Deacons must have business qualifications, and then consecrate them to the service of the congregations with whose temporalities they are entrusted.

But they are not merely to be men of business snap and tact, but of good Christian character—blameless. All professors of gospel religion are to be grave, sober-minded, godly in Christ Jesus, but especially office-bearers. There is a spiritual side to the diaconate as well as a business side.

According to the instruction given by the Apostle Deacons are to be grave, pious, godly, laboring in word and by example to advance the spiritual interests of their congregation. In addition to these high requisites they are to be patient men. Impatient Deacons are of no practical account in a congregation. The true business man knows how much depends upon possessing himself under provoking and trying circumstances, upon being patient under unreasonable demands of customers, to sell his goods and fill his till. In this spirit are the Deacons to attend to the business matters of the Church. With diligence, with zeal, with determination, with patience. But they are also to attend to the details of the business of the congregation in such confidence as will impress their fellow-members with the importance of church work.

If Deacons fail in the discharge of their duty; if they do their work in the spirit of indifference; if they display no zeal for the cause of the Master; if they fall much below the standard of gospel requirement, it is a rare thing that their fellow-members come up to the measure of their duty and privilege.

As no cause in the world can be carried forward without work and money, so also is it with the kingdom of God. Labor and money, prayers and money, faith and money, and God's grace to help and money will carry forward the Church with her spiritualizing influences with triumphant success.

Deacons must have grace in their own souls, and depend upon the grace and power of the Holy Spirit to do well the work entrusted to them. No word expresses more fully this spiritual requirement than the word consecration. They are to be consecrated to the work. This they cannot be unless they are men of faith—men of prayer—of zeal, of good works. He who fills creditably the office of Deacon in the house of the Lord is an ornament and a blessing to society. The Rewarder of the true and faithful will not forget to crown him with the diadem of life and immortality. H.

Dr. Geo. W. Welker has kindly sent us a communication in regard to our "Lost territory in the South," which when published, will be read with painful interest. It is sad to think how much has passed out of our hands, most likely through the fault of our Church. If this cannot be recovered, we should at least heed the warning to the Church at Sardis and "strengthen the things that remain."

We have received from Rev. I. H. Reiter, D. D., Stated Clerk, a copy of the Acts and Proceedings of the Ohio Synod, during its fifty-ninth annual sessions, held at Akron, Ohio, in October, 1882. The minutes come from the Reformed Publishing Co, Dayton, Ohio, and are well printed. The decrease shown in the statistical statement of this Synod is explained by the fact that the Cincinnati Classis was dismissed in 1881, to unite with other Classes in the formation of the Central Synod.

A proclamation issued throughout the Roman Catholic Churches in the German States, declares that the marriage of a Roman Catholic to a Protestant by a Protestant minister is null and void, and that the children of such marriage are illegitimate. The parties thus named are excommunicat-

ed and their issue pronounced impure. Practically it is like the Pope's Bull against the Comet.

Rev. A. E. Dahlman, now pastor of St. John's congregation at Lancaster, Pa., has accepted a call to St. Paul's congregation, Philadelphia, and will enter upon his new field of labor about the first of March. After that date his Post Office address will be 729 South 17th St., Phila.

Rev. H. K. Binkley has just completed the second canvas of the Friedensville Charge, Lehigh County, of which Rev. R. Weaver is pastor. Altogether he has obtained thirty-six new subscribers for the MESSENGER, and fifty-one for the *Hausfreund*. Well done.

Among Our Exchanges.

The *National Baptist* says:

"We are often asked as to what became of this or that piece of original poetry which was sent to the paper some months or years ago. We beg our friends to bear in mind two or three facts. Of course no poetry, least of all no original poetry, sent to this office is ever rejected. But then it has to take its time; for we publish it in alphabetical order. And while it is waiting its turn, it is incredible what vicissitudes it is liable to. In 1876 we moved; and everybody knows what heaps of things are lost in moving. 'Three moves are as bad as a fire.' Then, in 1881, the editor was absent in foreign parts; and, really, we imagine that the mails must have groaned with a freight of poetry during that period, judging from the amount that is unaccounted for. Then, now and then, we have a cleaning up; and we need say nothing of the inevitable havoc. And, as if to crown all, during our annual cleaning last spring, a case of pigeon-holes was overturned, lunching all the varied contents into a common pile. And, really, since that, we have been utterly unable to distinguish the poetry from the prose, and the church resolutions from the serial fiction.

If therefore the friendly but poetical contributor is desirous to know what cause has prevented his muse from seeing the light, he is at liberty, under the Declaration, to choose either of the casualties named above."

The *New York Evangelist*, has this remark about the "Christian ministry:"

"There is a wide-spread impression that the Christian ministry is a toilsome and thankless lot. This is often a theme of conversation in religious families. It is but natural that our youth should sympathize with this prejudice, especially when the higher and spiritual aspects of the ministry are not presented to them. They are sometimes taught that anything is preferable to such a calling. They are led to regard it with inward contempt, as the sure highway to discomfort and poverty. It would be easy to show to an intelligent Christian how erroneous is this view of the Gospel ministry. It is the noblest of all callings. That parent may deem himself honored, indeed, who has a son in such a work. His mind is continually engaged upon the most delightful themes. His heart expands amid improving and congenial studies. Even those official engagements that are sometimes displeasing to the flesh originate a sweet consciousness of Divine approval when performed for the Saviour and the good of immortal souls. He has no sense of meanness in toiling for mere transitory pleasure. When he dies, there are no bitter reflections from having engaged in a work of doubtful character. He can say in truth, "I have fought a fight, henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of rejoicing." How strange that we, who are soon with all our households to disappear from this active scene, should depreciate such an allotment. How pernicious is this low view of the ministerial office. It is to be feared that many a young man has been diverted from his true life-work by these prevalent misconceptions."

Communications.

SKETCH

Of the Life and Labors of Rev. Anderson J. Whitmore.

Rev. A. J. Whitmore, third son of Samuel and Sophia Whitmore, was born in Augusta Co., Virginia, June 20th, 1846. He was baptized in infancy, and being reared in the bosom of a Reformed family—growing up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord—through Christian influence, his mind was early in life turned towards the holy office of the Christian ministry.

His first direct preparation for the holy office was begun at Otterbein University, Westerville, Ohio, where he was confirmed. But he did not remain long in this institution, feeling, no doubt, that it would be better to pursue his studies in some institution within the bounds and under the control of his own church. Coming East, he entered Mercersburg College, Mercersburg, Pa., where he took a full classical course of study, and from which he graduated in the class of '73. In the fall of the same year he returned to Mercersburg and prosecuted his theological studies in the post-graduate department with Rev. Dr. E. E. Higbee and Rev. Prof. J. B. Kerschner as his instructors.

In the spring of '76, before his three years' course was quite completed, with the advice and consent of his teachers, he was induced to leave the institution, to take charge of a field of labor at Middlebrook, within the bounds of Virginia Classis. In May of the same year, at the regular annual meeting of Virginia Classis, held at Grace Reformed church, near Mount Jackson, Shenandoah county, Va., he was examined by a committee, of which Rev. Dr. S. N. Callender was chairman. This "fearful ordeal," as the brother called it, took place under a large oak tree that still stands on the north bank of Mill Creek, and which he pointed out to us. On Saturday evening, May 20, 1876, he was ordained to the Gospel ministry, and appointed missionary to the Middlebrook mission.

It was in this his first field that his manhood, his zeal for his church, and his fidelity to the Master were put to the strongest test. This field was enough to test the zeal and heart of any old and experienced minister. Without a pastor for some length of time, and under the most adverse circumstances—encroachments from without, disaffections, decay and confusion within—the work of disorganization had well nigh ruined the charge. Little remained of the Reformed church except the name, with but one church—St. John's—remaining as a rallying point for the scattered and disheartened membership. The parsonage, with a debt hanging over it, and even advertised for sale, helped to render the condition of the charge still more deplorable, and to discourage the few faithful hearts that remained true to the church of their fathers.

By the advice, and at the earnest entreaty of certain members of Virginia Classis he was induced to leave the institution in which his course had already been broken in upon by frequent interruptions and embarrassments growing out of scarcity of funds, and physical weakness from chills and fever contracted in the West. This was a good "schooling" for the difficulties, hardships, privations, and embarrassments previous and during this period seemed only to prepare him the more fully for the more arduous and self-sacrificing mission work to which he was called. At Middlebrook he began the work of resurrecting the dead and dying interests of the Reformed church; and the sacrifices, privations, vexations and difficulties he endured and surmounted in doing what he so nobly and zealously did, none but the self-sacrificing, self-denying missionary and his God will ever know. In three years he not only arrested the disorganization and disintegration of the charge, but paid off the debt on the parsonage, built a new, substantial church—St. Paul's—at Newport, and put the work of reorganization well under way. In this work he had to be pastor, solicitor, collector, treasurer, building committee, and head workman; laboring with his own hands, quarrying stone, cutting the timber and helping to build the wall, and worked on the frame of the new church. It may be well to remember, too, that during all this labor his salary at no time exceeded the magnificent sum of $400. The first year he received about $270; the second, $325; and the third, $380. During these years, burdened as he was with these outward and temporal concerns, he found but little time to devote to his studies; and his preparation for the pulpit was necessarily partial and limited. And yet the intense energy and earnestness of the brother naturally manifested itself in the pulpit and compensated in a large measure for the defects in style, diction or finish of his sermons.

After his resignation of the Middlebrook charge, June 1st, 1879, he entered upon the mission work at Mint Spring, a field adjacent to his former charge, in Augusta county, Va. Here the same difficulties presented themselves, but his former experience was of great account to him. He succeeded in erecting the new Trinity Reformed church of Mint Spring, and opened the way for the division of the Middlebrook charge. In the short space of five years he not only worked up the Middlebrook field to become self-supporting, but extended the work beyond so that Classis could see its way to establish two charges with the most encouraging outlook for both. Two new churches, and we may say the parsonage which was advertised for sale, remain as monuments of his zeal and energy.

In July, 1881, he resigned the Mint Spring mission work, after which he was not regularly in charge of a field of labor. Yet, although no field of labor presented itself, he was not idle. He would not be idle. To be idle was harder than labor for him. He spent the winter and spring of 1882 supplying the pulpit of his brother, the Rev. D. M. Whitmore, in the Friends Cove charge of Mercersburg Classis, whilst that brother's declining health forbade his preaching. He preached his last sermon in one of his mission churches, St. Paul's, Newport, on Sunday before New Year, being the last day of 1882, and from the text, with almost prophetic significance for him, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

On the 12th of October, 1880, he was married to Miss Emma A. McMath, of Kerr's Creek, Rockbridge county, Va. One child, a daughter, was given them as the result of this union. In September, 1882, he returned to Rockbridge county, on a visit to his and his wife's relatives. Whilst at his wife's relatives, waiting for work in the church, he was induced to take charge of a school for the winter, with the hope of being called to a field of labor in the spring. Here in the midst of work, with a large and interesting school gathered around him, he was attacked with violent typhoid pneumonia, which proved too strong for a constitution already shattered by overwork, and his busy, zealous life was ended upon the ninth day of the progress of the disease, and on the 16th day of January, 1883, aged 36 years, 6 months, and 26 days.

His brother, Rev. S. L. Whitmore, of Middlebrook, Va., was with him in his last hours, and helped to administer in what human hands can do in the dying hour, and commended his spirit, *in articulo mortis*, into the hands of the God who gave it. A most peaceful, triumphant death. Though frequently delirious (at which times he talked of nothing but the Church and her interests) during his illness, his mind cleared up as the end approached. Blessed indeed was the end—a calm and peaceful sleep. Well may the witnesses of such a death say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." Without fear or dread, with a smile, he met the "last enemy," and conquered through Christ Jesus—passing from the "Church militant" to the rest, peace and joy of the "Church triumphant." Scarcely at the noontide of life, apparently, yet the Master, who sees and knows the trials and tribulations, knows when the battles of His servants are fought, said to him, "It is enough, enter thy rest—enjoy the victory." A bold, brave, earnest, and most zealous heart has ceased to act. A workman upon the walls has fallen. One whose life and labors will speak for themselves as the years roll on—his works will follow him. His life needs no eulogy. His works are his monument.

The body was privately conveyed to Middlebrook, and from thence to Mount Crawford, where his father lives. His funeral took place on the 20th of January, at St. Michael's church, Augusta county, Va. By request of the deceased brother, Rev. B. R. Carnahan preached the sermon. The clergy who were present took part in the service, Rev. Dr. S. N. Callender offered up the prayer, and Rev. Jos. S. Loose read the hymn.

To God, the Husband of the widow and the Father of the fatherless, we commend the widow and orphan of the deceased brother. What is our loss is his eternal gain. His body now rests in the grave by the side of dear departed ones, waiting for the general resurrection in the last day, and the life of the world to come, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." B. R. CARNAHAN.

DEPARTMENT OF HOME MISSIONS.

BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

A Missionary Tour in Kansas.

The Rev. I. G. Brown, of Mercersburg, has been during a few months past on a visit to some of his friends at Illiopolis, Illinois. Encouraged by the Superintendent he concluded to extend his journey further westward, with the view of examining the country as he went along, as a field for the missionary activity of our Church. After his return to his friends, he gave us the results of his observations, which we take the liberty of laying before our readers.

In Springfield, the capital of Illinois, we have no churches, although at one time, there were worthy members of our Church living at that place. At Decatur also we had some excellent members from Ohio and other places, but here, as at Springfield, they have gone over into other churches.

At Kansas City, in Missouri, Mr. Brown made special efforts to ascertain what members of the Reformed church were there, and for this purpose he had inserted several notices in the city papers. Of these he found a number, mostly from Pennsylvania and Maryland, one a man of considerable wealth from Bedford county, and now a liberal supporter in a sister denomination. They are still attached to the church of their fathers, take the MESSENGER, but have generally found spiritual homes elsewhere. It would be a difficult matter in this city to establish a mission. An eligible piece of ground could not be obtained for less than $10,000, and the rent of a respectable dwelling house would cost $600 per annum. The ground also is apparently pre-occupied, as there seems to be no want of churches, each of which is active in sustaining itself and in extending the missionary work throughout the city and its suburbs.

The next point to which Mr. B. wended his way was Wichita, in the south-eastern part of Kansas. He passed through numerous towns on his way, larger or smaller, all supplied with churches, but having none of our own. The different denominations follow the tide of emigration, manage to be on the grounds where towns spring up, and begin at once to organize and build houses of worship. At and around Marshall, not far from Wichita, he found a party of Reformed people, who had been in the country some five or six years, and intended to remain, as they were well satisfied with their new homes. During this period of time they heard only one Reformed minister, Mr. Shoemaker when at Emporia, having sent for him to come and preach for them. They were much edified by his preaching and visit. Mr. B. preached for them twice on Sunday, and baptized their children. There are here some 18 or 20 communicant members, who are praying earnestly that the Church may send them a minister; among the rest one of the Browns from Lewisburg in this State. They are willing to organize themselves into a congregation and build a church, if they can succeed in getting a minister to live among them.

At Wichita there is a number of Reformed families that have connected themselves with other churches, but would gladly return to their old fold, if there is any possible chance of getting some one to take charge of them. At this place everything is cheap, rents not high, and property can be purchased at reasonable prices. Wichita is the county town of Sedgewick county, has a population of about 6,000 souls, has railroad connections, and the impression is that it is destined to become large and flourishing like Kansas City and other large towns of the West. Here then a minister of our Church is much needed, who might include Marshall in his charge, and we have the material in this section of the country for the establishment of a new missionary centre. It will no doubt receive the early attention of the Board. Those who commence to build churches early in such places, are most likely to succeed best in their work. The church appears to be now in earnest in sustaining the mission at Emporia, and Mr. Shuey ought to have several coadjutors in that part of the State, so that a second Classis may be established in Kansas at as early a day as possible.

Missions in Iowa.

LISBON, Iowa, Jan. 1, 1883.

To the Tri-Synodic Board of Missions:

Brethren: The missionaries under the care of your Board within the bounds of the Iowa Classis will likely send in their reports; but for fear that some of them may fail to do so, I will report some facts which may be of interest to you as a Board. In the first place, I would state, that at the late meeting of Iowa Classis, at Conesville, Iowa, in September, the Brandon Mission was attached to the Boulder charge, and in this way becomes self-sustaining. To do this it was necessary, of course, to reconstruct the Boulder and Maquoketa charges. Hence there is no longer a Brandon mission and the Board does not need to make any provisions for its hereafter.

At the same meeting of Classis the Wilton field, heretofore a mission under the Board, was given the choice of sustaining a minister itself or of being attached to the Columbus Junction charge. Hence the Board is released from any further help for this field. They think they can get a young man and pay him a sufficient salary. If they fail in this, they will be attached to one of the neighboring charges. We have, therefore, now only three missions under the care of Classis and also under the care of your Board; namely, the Pleasant Valley mission, under Rev. D. P. Lefever, as pastor, with an appropriation of $125; Beaman mission, in Grundy county, Iowa, pastor, Rev. H. Bair, with an appropriation of at least $290; and the Leighton, for which an appropriation of at least $225 must be made when the missionary takes charge of it. We hope to have a man for this field very soon in the person of Rev. J. A. Seitz, of Tiffin, Ohio.

Brother Lefever, of the Pleasant Valley Mission, reports progress in his work, and thinks that in a few years he will be enabled to call the mission a self-sustaining field. His missionary society last year raised $50, which went toward the reduction of his appropriation.

Bro. Bair, of the Beaman Mission, has met with decided success. His little missionary society, in a school-house out on the prairie, raised $50, which was used to pay his appropriation. This year the same society has undertaken to raise $75. This is the congregation near Beaman and Grundy Centre. The other congregation of this mission is at Liscomb, on the Iowa Central Railroad. I once reported that this congregation purchased the M. E. Church at that place. They fully intended to do so; but when it came to the point they could not agree on the price and the effort failed. But Bro. Bair writes me that they are at the project again, and he thinks that this time they will succeed. In this congregation a missionary society has also been established.

Bro. Bair is the right man in the right place, but I fear he cannot endure the amount of travel necessary for a missionary in Iowa.

The Leighton Mission is supplied every four weeks by Rev. J. H. Buser. Here we will have a man in a short time, and then I feel certain that the mission will be a success, for it has some of the very best material. An old gentleman, Peter Blantz, by name, a Roman Catholic by faith, is manœuvering the project of putting a spire and bell upon the church; and he and his good wife, who is a faithful member of the congregation, will succeed without doubt. At Knoxville a member has promised $100, if a Reformed church or congregation is started there. This point is to be looked after by the brother who goes to Leighton. So much for the facts about these missions. These missionaries are paid up to January 1, 1883.

But where are our funds to come from? We have placed our missions under your Board, but your Board makes no provision for paying our missionaries. The Potomac Synod, by resolution, at its meeting at Waynesboro, in 1881, appropriated $450; but, alas! resolutions of Synods we long since learned to our sorrow amount to very little. Mercersburg Classis manfully paid its assessment; but other Classes did little; some, nothing. We reported these facts to Synod at its late meeting in Altoona, but the matter seems not to have been noticed. The Pittsburgh Synod has always paid what it promised, as well as several of the brethren in the eastern parts of the church. These have been our main supports. If they should fail us our mission work must come to an end in Iowa, unless your Board gives us help.

A few facts your Board should know, in order to see what has been done in Iowa with the pleading and begging that we had to do. In 1867, when I came to Iowa, there were three self-supporting charges in the whole State, including what is now two Classes. We have now in the English Classis the following self-supporting charges, which pay their pastors from $500 to $800: namely, Harmony, Maquoketa, Boulder, Tipton, Wilton, Columbus Junction and Millersburg, with Smithtown, which only needs its own alms. This has been accomplished in our Classis, and I suppose Ursinus Classis has nearly as many self-sustaining charges; and besides these charges in our Classis we have certainly three very promising missions. And, brethren, where can better results be shown with as little an outlay? Why then, brethren, must we plead and coax to get a little help? Why not send your Superintendent of Missions out here as other churches do to see the field? Why not take our missions and support them as other missions are? I herewith transmit a receipt for monies paid to me by our fields, which will be passed over to W. H. Seibert, to be acknowledged in the church papers. All monies coming from the East have been receipted for to the Treasurer of the Tri-Synodic Board. Yours, D. S. FOUSE.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

At the last meeting of the Reformed Ministerial Association of Philadelphia, held on February 12th, 1883, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted and ordered to be placed upon its minutes, viz:

WHEREAS, it has pleased an all-wise Providence to remove from our midst on the 2d inst., by death, the Rev. Christian Keller, a worthy member of our Association; therefore,

Resolved, 1. That, whilst deeply deploring the loss of Bro. Keller from our ranks, we reverently bow to the divine will, firmly believing that He deals graciously with His people, and that all things work together for good to them that love God.

2. That we sincerely sympathize with his bereaved widow and children, as well as with his shepherdless flock, commending them to the fostering care of our heavenly Father, who has declared, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

3. That a copy of the above proceedings be transmitted to Mrs. Keller, and also published in THE MESSENGER.

N. GEHR, D. VAN HORNE. } Com.

DECISION OF COMMITTEE OF AWARD FOR PREMIUM TRACT NO. 2.

"The Work of Missions in the Reformed Church in the U. S."

The committee to whom was submitted the manuscripts upon the above subject for the purpose of deciding as to which one merited the premium offered, held a meeting in Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 1st. The chairman, Rev. J. O. Miller, D. D., has submitted to the undersigned his report as to the result.

The committee found, it appears, some difficulty in arriving at a decision as to which one was the best, all, five in number, possessing more or less merit, especially three of them. Taking all into consideration: the coming within the limit of 1400 words and treating the subject in a popular way, and yet doing justice to it, they decided that, the manuscript signed "*April 9th*, 1846," was entitled to the premium offered.

The manuscript thus signed was submitted by Rev. Isaac A. Sites, Columbus Junction, Iowa, to whom the premium has been promptly forwarded.

The Tract thus obtained and to be known as *Premium Tract No. 2*, will be issued in a few days, and will be for sale at prices reasonable, which will be announced hereafter. It is to be hoped it will have a large sale, and consequently a far and wide distribution for the good of the cause it presents. CHAS. G. FISHER.

Philadelphia, Feb. 8th, 1883.

APPOINTMENT OF AGENT OF THE REFORMED CHURCH PUBLICATION BOARD.

Mr. Jacob Heyser of Chambersburg, Pa., has accepted the agency of the Board contemplated in the Plan of Life-Membership, subscriptions for THE MESSENGER, and will enter on his duties at the opening of the new year. He is also authorized to solicit contributions for the use of the Board, and to receive subscriptions for the different periodicals of the Board, and orders for the Book Department, and make collections of accounts due the Board, his receipt for the same being valid.

We hope Mr. Heyser will be received and welcomed by the Church, and meet with good succes so as to put our publication interest on a good footing. CHAS. G. FISHER,
Supt. Ref'd Ch. Pub. Board.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS FOR 1883.

Now is the time to make up orders for Sunday-schools Help for the coming year. "The Guardian," for teachers; "The Quarterly," for scholars; "Lesson Papers," advanced and primary; "The Child's Treasury," monthly and semi-monthly; and "Sunshine," are equal to any others of the kind, and at prices in keeping with their contents and appearance. The cheapest are not always the best. Specimen copies sent on application free of charge. We look for an increased demand for them all during the coming year. Pastors and superintendents will please give attention to this and see that their schools have *their own* Church publications in use.

Address
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12 copies,	.60
50 "	2.50
100 "	4.75

To which must be added 12 cents a dozen for postage, if sent by mail.

A discount of five per cent. for cash.

We have endeavored to improve the appearance of the almanac, and have it contain as usual an amount of matter that must prove interesting and instructive to every Church member. We have also added eight more pages—which gives more space to be filled with valuable reading matter. We have tried to make it truly a year book for the church. For this purpose we hope pastors and members will aid in its circulation, so that it may reach at least every family in the church. Send in your orders at once.

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Rev. CHARLES G. FISHER,
Superintendent and Treasurer

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All of the above Books sent postage paid on receipt of the retail price, or by express, subject to discount.

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Miscellaneous.

TO-MORROW.

Slanting across the fields of snow,
The westering sun makes haste to go:
This day, I know, is tried and sweet,—
To-morrow tires my lagging feet.

With many a pause of happy rest
I've journeyed with To-Day, my guest;
His stranger brother cannot be,
Methinks, as goodly company,

Holding in his mysterious hand
Gifts that will bless or blight my land!
Tarry yet longer, fair To-Day,
That boding step an hour delay.

What songs have told my spirit's cheer,
What sunlight warmed the glowing year,
What dear companions round me hung,
While life, and love, and hope were young!

These with to-morrow fade apace,
Like bloom from a beloved face;
And trusting half, yet half with dread,
I question, "What shall be instead?"

The sun drops deeper, night is chill;
The oracles I seek are still;
Yon herald star, which glitters low,
Seems beckoning on the way I go.

To-morrow? Ah, that door doth ope
A new celestial path to Hope,
More than I ask or dream must be,
In God's to-morrow, kept for me.

—*Atlantic.*

Selections.

The best way to preach sinners to Christ is to preach Christ to sinners.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

The supreme must be personal to love and honor. No everlasting order, infinite substance, self-developing idea answers.—*Lotze.*

Dumb suffering is the hardest and sharpest form that affliction or pain can take. The typical lamb before her shearers "was dumb."

So infinitely important is regeneration that it has been well said: "To be born is an everlasting calamity, unless we are born again."—*J. M. Pendleton.*

Thou canst not see grass grow, how sharp soe'er thou be,
Yet that the grass has grown, thou very soon canst see;
So, though thou canst not see thy work now prospering,—know,
The print of every work, time without fail shall show.

—*Frederick Ruckert.*

Dr. Guthrie, preaching on Christ as the foundation, said: "He is a tried foundation. He has been tried by God and by devils; by many who are now in glory, and by others who are on the way there, and He has never failed. All the stones founded on Him become living stones, and they are all cemented together by the blood of Jesus."

One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life
Exists—one only! an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power;
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.

—*Wordsworth.*

Science and Art.

Among the instruments described during the late meeting of the British Association was one exhibited by Sir F. Bramwell, employed for ascertaining the velocity of trains and the efficiency of brakes. With this apparatus it was found that a train weighing 125 tons ran 5 miles 5 yards after steam was shut off, while travelling at a speed of 45 miles an hour. The line was level and the day calm.

A NEW DETECTIVE FOD BURGLARS.—Here is the "very latest." A patent has been taken at Gorlitz, Germany, for an invention which will make it difficult for burglars to escape detection. In the neighborhood of a safe an apparatus is placed, which, on being touched, immediately starts an electric light, and at the same time uncovers a prepared plate, on which the burglar's photograph is taken while an alarm is sounded.

One of the hardest woods in existence is that of the desert ironwood tree, which grows in the dry washes along the line of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Its specific gravity is nearly the same as that of lignumvitæ, and it has a black heart so hard, when well seasoned, that it will turn the edge of an axe, and can scarcely be cut by a well-tempered saw. In burning it gives out an intense heat, and charcoal made from it is hardly second to authracite.

The monument to be erected at Urbino, in honor of Raphael on the fourth centenary of his birth at that place, March 28, 1483, will consist of a statue surmounting a decorative pedestal, which will have smaller statues, bas-relief, ornaments, etc. It will be of Carrara marble, but the bas-reliefs and other parts may be of bronze, and it is to cost $16,000. The plans, with these data given, will be open to competition, and three prizes will be given to the three most successful competitors. For the erection of the monument and other expenses, contributions are asked from all admirers of the great artist.

ELECTRIC WIRE BELLS.—*La Nature* describes a very simple domestic application of electricity. It is an arrangement whereby a time-piece in one room gives the hours, not only there, but in any other rooms of the house, causing bells in these latter to be struck. Any time-piece will do if it strikes the hours. The negative wire in Leclanche element, the circuit of which includes the electric bells, is attached to a metallic piece of the works of the time-piece; the positive, suitably insulated, is placed a little above the stem of the hammer. When the hammer rises, contact occurs, and the bells in the other room are struck simultaneously with that of the time-piece. The system could be applied to clocks of towers and spires.

ELECTRIC LIGHT IN RAILWAYS.—The advance in the project of lighting railway carriages by electricity is most gratifying. On the Eastern Railroad of France there is a Gramme dynamo machine driven by the locomotive and Faure accumulators. To these has recently been added an "automatic interrupter," the action of which is to break all communication between the Gramme machine and the accumulators when the speed of the train descends below the normal. Further, if the lamps are lit at such a time, or when stoppage occurs, the automatic apparatus substitutes the accumulators for the machine, or reciprocally; the moment of change is not perceptible. When the train is running without the lamps being lit, the Gramme machine charges the accumulators exclusively; when the train is lit, the machine feeds both the lamps and the accumulators. It is only when the illuminated train slackens speed or stops that the accumulators supply the current required by the lamps, and this is restored when the train has assumed its normal speed. Thus the accumulators are not so cumbrous as if they had sufficient capacity to feed the lamps during the whole journey. There is a Swan lamp in each compartment. The train is lit by the guard on entering a tunnel. The cost for an ordinary train of 36 lamps is about 12 francs a day, whereas the lighting with oil cost 36 francs, and was very imperfect.

Personal.

Admirers of Darwin in Sweden, to the number of 1,400, have sent contributions to the memorial fund in London.

Mr. Bradlaugh has placed conspicuously in his window in Fleet street, London, his own portrait, a bust of Thomas Paine, and portraits of Lord Brougham, Richard Cobden, and John Bright.

Mr. Ruskin, as Slade Professor of Art at Oxford, declines to live in the rooms offered him in Corpus Christi College. He says he cannot spend the autumn of his days "in a city of brick lodging-houses and scraped schools," and will accordingly take up his abode, for a time at least, at Cumnor.

Mr. Gladstone may be seen every Sunday in his plain, uncushioned pew in church, and at the time and place indicated reading the lessons from the desk. To the sermon Mr. Gladstone listens with head thrown back and closed eyes. The Prime Minister never slumbers in his pew, however, though he does shut his eyes.

Mr. George Darwin, who has been made Professor of Astronomy in Cambridge University, is said to possess more than his celebrated father's versatility, all his father's love of thorough work, and no little share of his father's power of exposition. He is not merely an astronomer—he is a geologist, a biologist, and a chemist, and is distinguished in all. He is thirty-six years old.

The Mahdi, or False Prophet of the Soudan, in May, 1881, openly proclaimed himself to be the Prophet foretold by Mohammed, preaching universal equality of law and religion, with community of goods to all believers, and death to all who rejected him. Like most prophets, he was denounced by his own townsmen, who proclaimed him mad. In appearance he is tall and slim, and wears a black beard. He reads and writes with difficulty, is head of a local order of Dervishes, and has shown much tact in uniting the discordant tribes. The number of tribesmen who follow him is estimated at about 338,000 souls.

Items of Interest.

Peach and plum trees are in bloom in New Orleans.

Speculation has so far declined in San Francisco that the dealings in stocks scarcely average $150,000 a day.

The Parisiennes salute in an ungraceful masculine manner with a short ducking of the head, while the bust remains rigid.

Illinois derives an annual income of $500,000 from the Illinois Central Railroad. It is proposed to expend this amount in improving the wagon roads of the State.

The rumsellers of St. Louis have made no attempt to keep boys away from the pool tables, and the harm to the youth of the city in consequence has led to a movement which will probably abolish pool tables.

An amendment to the Ohio Liquor law was before the Legislature, and the member who defended the traffic happened to be so drunk that his arguments had an effect contrary to that intended. His cause was decisively lost.

Indianapolis has been for years considered the great railroad centre of the West, because twelve railroads run direct into it. But at the present time Des Moines has eleven main roads centring there, and two others that, for want of accommodations, run in on leased lines, making thirteen distinct companies.

The British *Army and Navy Gazette* understands that arrangements have been made by the German Government whereby, in consideration of the payment of £1,000,000, the Duke of Edinburgh will abdicate his claims to and surrender his reversionary interest in the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

Ever since the organization of Wisconsin as a State the public lands have been sold at $1.25 per acre, and fortunes have been made in them. A bill to advance the price to $3 is before the State Senate, and the Assembly has adopted a joint resolution withdrawing the lands from sale until a change in price is made.

Missouri is about to spend $50,000 in finding out about herself. She suspects that she contains some of the richest ores on earth, and a geologist is to make a thorough investigation. Her soil is peculiarly rich, and has commonly been regarded as a decomposition of limestone and sandstone; but a scientific analysis will now for the first time determine the question.

The Conciergerie, where Prince Napoleon was confined, has twice served as a prison for members of his family. Prince Louis Napoleon, afterwards Emperor, was shut up there in 1840 when he was awaiting his trial before the Chamber of Peers for his Boulogne expedition; and Prince Pierre Bonaparte was detained there in 1879 after his manslaughter of Victor Noir.

The Southern papers make no attempt to conceal the humiliation they feel over the defalcations of Polk and Vincent. They do not mince words in speaking of the matter. The Charleston *News and Courier* says:—"These officials must be made to understand that, when they misapply, for any reason, the money intrusted to them, they are thieves and nothing but thieves, and will be branded as thieves and treated as thieves."

Some of the items in the Indian census returns are curious. In the Northwest Provinces and Oude, the Chamars, the lowest of the castes, outnumber the Brahmins by 7,000,000; and there are in these Provinces 1,100 actors, 3,000 ballad singers, 146 healers by incantation, 33 gamblers, 97 snake charmers, 310 match-makers, 4 poets, 10,000 singers and dancers, 4 story-tellers, and 7 thieves. The cultivators of the soil number 7,500,000, the landholders 10,000, and the money-lenders nearly 10,000.

Mr. Henry C. Robinson, of Hartford, Conn., in a lecture in New Haven the other evening, told of a visit he recently made to one of the smaller factories in Connecticut, whose owner boasted that in the year preceding he had "made" $72,000. Going through the factory, when he got away up under the roof, he found bobbins tended by children—boys of from eight to twelve years. Their faces were colorless. The man who "made" $72 000 told Mr. Robinson that these little boys were earning 15 cents a day, and that they worked ten hours a day, with twenty minutes' rest at noon.

By a law which has just come into operation in Italy, the sale of patent medicines throughout the kingdom is prohibited unless the precise composition of the medicine is stated. The promulgation of this important decree has been made by the Minister of the Interior, the Customs, and the sanitary authorities. One well-known chemist in Rome has at the present moment nearly $500 worth of patent medicines lying at the Dogana, and likely to have to remain there or to be sent back to England undelivered. For the future travellers will have to smuggle their favorite drugs into Italy.

Live stock statistics for the chief producing countries of the world have been collected and compared by an English newspaper, from which it appears that the United States stands first with the two most important articles of flesh food—cattle and hogs—and that she is second in horses, and fourth in sheep, but that, with regard to the latter two items, she is making rapid strides to a higher position. These statistics credit the United States with 38,000,000 cattle, India with 30,000,000, and Russia with 20,000,000. Further, it is shown that Russia has 20,000,000 horses, the United States 10,500,000, and Austria 3,500,000. Australia possesses 80,000,000 sheep, the Argentine Republic 68,000,000, and Russia 63,000,000. The United States—fourth in the list—has 36,000,000, but in the matter of swine she heads the world, having 48,000,000. Of goats, India is credited with no less than 20,000,000, Africa with 15,000,000, and Mexico with 6,000,000.

Books and Periodicals.

PROGRESS AND POVERTY, by Henry George. New York. Paper cover. Pp. 405. Price, 20 cents.

This is a volume of Lovell's Library, published weekly by John W. Lovell & Co., 14 and 16 Vesey street, N. Y. It treats of the great problem of capital and labor. We have not had time to examine it, but it is highly commended by many secular newspapers.

SCIENCE IN SHORT CHAPTERS. By W. M. Williams. New York: Funk & Wagnalls, 10 and 12 Dey street. Pp. 308. Paper. Price 25 cts.

This is the second of the new series of the Standard Library published by the above firm, at rates to compete with the low cheap literature that is flooding the country. The "short chapters" are interesting and instructive. The book is a good one to pick up during leisure half hours.

THE CHILDREN AND THE CHURCH, and the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, as a means of bringing them together, by F. E. Clarke, Pastor of Willeston Church, Portland, Maine. Author of "Our Vacations," and Life of William E. Harned, with an introduction by C. L. Goodell, D.D., pastor of the Pilgrim Church, St. Louis, Mo. Boston Congregational Sunday-School Publishing Society, Beacon St. Pp. 88. Price, 75 cts.

This book begins with a chapter on child-life in the Bible, then shows the place that children may claim in the Church; and then gives an account of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, which has been an important part of the life of the church of which the author is pastor, and which was the first of several hundred now in existence.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. February 17, 1883. Contents: Panislamism and the Caliphate, Contemporary Review; A Singular Case. Part II. Blackwood's Magazine; Charity in the Early Church, London Quarterly Review; Escapes and Imprisonments of Latude, Mrs. E. W. Latimer; For Himself Alone, Chambers' Journal; Thomas Carlyle, Macmillan's Magazine; and choice selections of poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each, or more than 3,300 pages a year, the subscription price ($8) is low; while for $10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American $4 monthlies or weeklies with the Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

The March Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is a beautiful and entertaining Number. The frontispiece engraving is from George H. Boughton's picture, "The Burgomaster's Daughter." William Henry Bishop contributes a paper entitled "Across Arizona," which is attractively illustrated. George H. Boughton continues his Holland papers with a fresh and quaint description of Friesland, illustrated by his own drawings and those of E. A. Abbey. Colonel Higginson's fifth paper on his American History series is entitled "The French Voyageurs," and treats of the early attempts made by the French to establish colonies in this countries. The paper is effectively illustrated—Howard Pyle contributing several important pictures.———One of the most valuable and interesting of the illustrated articles is Mrs. M. G. Van Renssalaer's paper on "'Parsifal' at Bairenth." It clearly shows Wagner's method of working out his musical and dramatic conceptions, and gives a fair estimate of the place occupied by him among modern composers. Not the least entertaining portion of the paper is that devoted to a description of the master's home-life. The illustrations for the article include drawings by Carl Marr, representing the most striking scenes in "Parsifal," a new portrait of Wagner, and a beautiful full-page portrait of the soprano, F. Therese Malten.———"Consola," an exquisitely beautiful poem, is contributed by Mrs. H. W. Sewall, and is accompanied by a fine illustration, drawn by F. Dileman.———E. Mason contributes a paper on Philip Wouvermans. The illustrations, which are from paintings, include a portrait of the old Dutch master, and an excellent specimen of his work.———Charles Francis Adams, Jr., contributes an interesting chapter of our earliest Colonial history, entitled "Sir Christopher Gardiner, Knight"—a prominent figure in several romances by Miss Sedgwick, Motley and others.———General Benjamin Alvord contributes a brief but very curious paper, entitled "The Morning Star: an Indian Superstition."——— William Black's "Shandon Bells," and Miss Woolson's "For the Major" are continued; and good short stories are contributed by Mrs. H. P. Spofford and M. Howland.———Among the poems in the Number the most striking is Miss Jewett's "The Eagle Trees;" the subject being associated with the poet Whittier, and dedicated to him. Charles L. Hildreth's "Frost" treats an old subject with much freshness and extreme delicacy of fancy. S. S. Conant contributes a charming valentine poem; and Miss Mary A. Barr's "Lethe" is a beautiful song-motive.———The Editor's Easy Chair—*apropos* of a recent article in the London *Daily News*—shows that American taste does not follow the dictates of English criticism; gives a pleasing picture of an old-time Knickerbocker New-Year's Day; notices "Dr. Grimshawe's Secret;" discusses the effect upon France of Gambetta's death; and concludes with a tribute to Mr. William A. Seavor, late editor of the Drawer. The other Editorial departments are well sustained. The Drawer contains a noteworthy contribution in the shape of a comic operetta, entitled "King Alfred" (with five illustrations), by Mrs. E. T. Corbett, whose "Il Jacobi"—a similar production, published some time since in the Drawer—was so popular.

Married.

By the Rev. J. J. Pennepacker, on the 25th of Jan., Mr. Lewis W. Wingard to Miss Margerie A. Ritenour, both of Mercer county, Pa.

Jan. 31, 1883, by Rev. W. I. Stewart, at the home of the bride's mother, Mr. John G. Cobler, of Clearville, Pa., to Miss Annie Baughman, of Monroe township, Bedford county, Pa.

Obituaries.

DIED.—On the second inst., near Creagerstown, Frederick county, Md., Elder Geo. A. Graham, aged 63 years, 4 months and 19 days.

Brother Graham was for a number of years a faithful elder of the Reformed Church at Creagerstown. He was noted for his punctuality in the Lord's service. He was a kind father, an esteemed neighbor, and a good citizen. His funeral services were attended by a very large congregation of devout and sympathizing friends.

H. W.

DIED.—At Sharpsburg, Md., February 9, Mrs. Augusta S., wife of Mr. Daniel Mumma, aged 45 years, 6 months and 20 days.

Mrs. Mumma had been an invalid for several years, and her friends scarcely expected that she could live this long, but even now her death produced a great shock upon them. She became all the more attached to those who stood nearest to her in life by reason of her prolonged illness, and her death accordingly leaves a great void in their hearts. She was well known and highly esteemed in the community in which she lived. Several years ago Mrs. Mumma was received into full communion with the Reformed Church of Sharpsburg, Md., and continued in that fellowship meekly and humbly to the end of life. Though not able to come to the sanctuary she always received the ministrations of the church at her home with much pleasure, and she considered it her duty as one of the last acts of her life to give her only beloved child to God in Holy Baptism, some time previous to her departure. Her faith was thus exercised both in behalf of herself and of those who were bound closest to her by earthly ties; and what all was in the meantime secretly and quietly going on in the depths of her spirit in the way of hope and prayer, whilst she was calmly watching and waiting for her release, God only knows. Her patience and cheerfulness in the face of her afflictions attracted the attention of all. She leaves behind a sorely bereaved husband and an only daughter, about five years old, a little boy having preceded her to the eternal world several years ago. The funeral service was held at the home of the deceased, on Sunday afternoon, when her pastor, Rev. A. C. Geary, read the burial service of the Reformed Church. Her body was there solemnly committed to its last resting place in the old graveyard, near the residence of Mr. Henry Mumma. Rest in peace.

A. C. G.

DIED.—At Everett, Bedford Co. Pa., Mrs. Mary A. Bowen, aged 40 years, 1 month and 8 days.

Mrs. Bowen joined the Reformed Church shortly after her marriage, having been confirmed by Rev. J. Hannaberry, at Pattonsville, Pa.

She loved the Church of her adoption and its services. Whilst living at Flintstone, Md., she, with her husband and children, rode 22 miles in going to and from church at Chaneysville, Pa. If faithful under such circustances, her zeal in assembling herself with God's people did not abate when she moved to town. Her place in all the services, whether during the week or on Sunday, was never vacant except for providential causes.

In her life she was quiet and earnest, and impressed those who knew her with the reality and depth of her union with Jesus Christ.

During her sickness which lasted for a month and was exceedingly painful, she was patient, having no doubt but God would make her affliction turn out to her advantage and to that of those she loved.

When fully aware that she would not get well, she had no fear for the Lord was with her, His rod and staff comforted her, and thus she passed away. Having lived to God, when death came, she died to God.

Missed in the family and neighborhood, she is missed in the Church. But it is comforting to think that after the resurrection she will be found in the family and church of God in the heavenly world.

W. I. S.

Mrs. Margaret Silvis, widow of Wm. Silvis, aged 85 years, died at Reading, Feb. 9th, 1883.

She has been a life-long member of the First Reformed Church. Having been confirmed by Rev. Pauli, she continued her attendance until prevented by the infirmities of old age. There are three children living. One of them a son, Dr. G. W. Silvis, a graduate of Franklin and Marshall College, class 1857. About a year ago she fell down the stairway and sustained such injury that relief from sufferings only came through death. She waited patiently and died in the faith.

M.

Harman D. Earman, departed this life December 17th, 1881.

The subject of this notice was born near Cross Keys, Rockingham county, Va., and died where he was born, having lived upward of sixty-one years on the old homestead. He was never absent from home long except during the late war, when he was conscripted and was kept in the army for several months, when he was sent home sick with typhoid fever, which so shattered his constitution that he never recovered from it, and was for many years a great sufferer from rheumatism, being at times almost helpless. In early life he consecrated himself to God and united himself with the German Reformed Church under the ministrations of Rev. John C. Hensel. He was one among a large class of catechumens who attended lectures, and was confirmed by this faithful, pious and much beloved pastor, who at that time was the pastor of Middlebrook Charge in Augusta County, Va.

The life of this dear Bro. was a most consistent one—honest and upright in all his dealings with his fellow-men. He was esteemed by all who knew him, he was hospitable and kind to a fault; his door was ever open to all who wished to share his hospitality, especially those of the household of faith. Ministers of the gospel of all denominations felt at home with him. He was kind to all, a most affectionate and loving brother. He leaves two aged and doting sisters, to whom he was a protector and provider, and for whom his place can never be filled. But they sorrow not as those without hope. From the day of his confirmation to the day of his death, he was an earnest Christian worker whose light shone out steadily, and whose lamp burned brightly. He has gone to rest. His end is peace.

A FRIEND.

DIED.—In Lewistown, Frederick county, Md., on Jan. 30th, 1883, Catherine Schlosser, aged 83 years, 4 months and 10 days.

Mother Schlosser had been, from early in life, a consistent and faithful member of the Reformed Church. By the infirmities of age and by bodily affliction she had for some years been deprived of the pleasure of attendance upon the stated means of grace, in the sanctuary. During the last two years, or almost, of her life she passed through sore affliction, in the early part of which for weeks her death was daily expected by her friends. But God's work was not yet fulfilled in her, and although she longed for death to come to her release, and failed to understand why others in the prime of life were called away in the midst of usefulness, and she ripe for the grave must remain, still she so far recovered strength as to be able to arise from her couch and for intervals occupy her chair, but could not leave her room. She enjoyed very much the visits of her pastor, and appeared to derive great comfort from the religious services held in her sick room. While strong enough to sit up she occupied much of the time with her needle, in the use of which she was still very skillful.

About two weeks prior to her death her weakness somewhat increased, but not sufficiently to cause her friends to expect her dissolution soon. But on the 30th of Jan, by a hemorrhage, suddenly and peacefully she passed away to rest from her labors and her pains. In death her countenance appeared like one in calm and peaceful sleep. Her funeral, which was largely attended, occurred on Feb. 1st, at Utica Mills, Frederick county, Md., the services being conducted and the sermon preached by her pastor.

S. M. H.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wagner, wife of Samuel Wagner, fell asleep in Jesus, at her home near Landisburg, Perry county, Pa., Jan. 8th, being the 77th anniversary of her birthday.

Mother Wagner was baptized in infancy and confirmed when of proper age in the Lutheran Church. The vows of her youth were sacred to her, and she remained faithful in the communion of that church to the end of her life. She was not in sympathy with many of the changes which the sixty years of her membership had witnessed in the Lutheran Church, and she often lamented that the church of her choice had departed from the practices of her fathers. Being raised in a community where the Reformed and Lutherans worshiped together, and married into a Reformed family, she learned to love the Reformed Church and feel at home among her people. She entertained ministers by the score, so that the home over which she presided became known as a "preachers' home." It was a matter of satisfaction and comfort to her to see all her children, ten in number, become active members in the Reformed Church. She wielded a great influence over her children and those around her, but it was so unofficious and silent that it cannot be estimated. Her life was intensely earnest, and deeply religious, and in this more than in words lay her power.

For the last three years of her life this mother in Israel was an invalid, suffering at times intensely. The last year she was confined to her chair, being denied the comfort of a bed. During this period of her greatest affliction, her faith was strongest, and her religious life blossomed forth in patient endurance and Christian resignation. Her German Bible and prayer-book were her constant companions, and the catechism and hymn book of her youth were dear old friends, which gave much comfort. It was her custom to read the Bible through yearly, and in this way she had become familiar with the Scriptures, and had memorized many passages that were precious to her. She had her mind stored with hymns and the truths taught in her catechism. From these sources she drew much comfort, and was ever ready to give an answer for the hope that was in her. She was fully in sympathy with the language of Paul: "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Whatever demand of the world she may have failed to meet, her life, viewed from the peaceful, happy, triumphant end, was a complete success. She never doubted the promises of the Gospel, never questioned the goodness of God, and never ceased to have faith in Christ, her Saviour. These thoughts give comfort to her companion, soon entering his eightieth year, to the daughters, whose faithful nursing eternity alone can reward, to all her children and friends. A husband and eight children have been bereft of a faithful counsellor, but the hope of reunion above sustains them in their affliction. While they mourn their loss and cherish her memory, the most cheering thought is this: as she lived, so she died, in Christ.

DIED.—Magdelena Miller, *nee* Deck, relict of Benjamin Miller, was born in Tulpehocken, Berks county, Pa., July 8th, 1803, and died in Bethel, Lebanon county, Pa., January 18, 1883, aged 79 years, 6 months and 10 days.

She was the mother of nine children, two of whom preceded her to the "better land." What thoughts come back to our mind now as we stand around her grave! How much she was to us in our infant and young days, we can only partially know now by reflection, and only *fully* know in blessed eternity. Our first knowledge of Jesus and His love for sinners was her teaching, as well as our first prayers to Him. She never ceased to pray for her children. This was always a comfort and strength to us under all circumstances.

Beloved mother, thou art
Gone from our sight forever.
But from our mem'ry and heart,
Thou canst depart, no, never!

E. D. M.

DIED.—In Mifflinburg, Pa., Jan. 20th, Daniel Moss, aged 78 years, 7 months and 8 days.

DIED.—Near Mifflinburg, Pa., Feb. 6th, Mrs. Margaret Housel, aged 79 years, 3 months and 27 days.

Both these aged people were faithful members of the Church, regular and devout in all their duties. Their desire to depart and be with Christ is now fulfilled. The Lord be with those left behind.

DIED.—In Fenneltown, Pa., Feb. 3, 1884, Lulu Blanche, daughter of Samuel and Nancy Baker, aged 6 months and 5 days.

DIED.—On Saturday, February 3d, at her residence, Beaver Creek, Washington county, Maryland, Mrs. Catharine Newcomer, widow of the late John Newcomer, aged 80 years.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.

Acknowledgments.

Bethany Orphans' Home.

By Rev J Herold, from friends at Youngstown, O, $5 00. Mr. J Dehoff, from 3d Ref Church, Baltimore, Rev C Clever, pastor, 47 00. Rev F W Berleman, from Mrs G Lueden, Phila, 1 00. Rev J G Neuber, Phila, Pa, from A K D 1 00, 2 25; C Mauer, 1 00, total 3 25. Rev Ch Keller, Bridesburg, Pa, from S S, 3 00; friends 2 00, total 5 00. Mr J F Brown, Treas, from St Paul's Ref S S, Westminster, Md, 10 84. Rev J F Busche, New York, from John Lutz, 25 00. Rev J P Stein, from St John's Ref Mission at West Phila, 5 00; S S, 2 25; Rev J P Stein's 5 children's birthday gift, 5 00, total 12 25.

WM. D. GROSS, Treasurer.
P. O. Box 2147, Philadelphia, Pa.

Religious Intelligence.

At Home.

Milwaukee has twenty-four Lutheran churches, German and Scandinavian, but no English Lutheran congregation.

Madame Christine Nillson, the world-renowned singer, on a visit to the Swedish Lutheran church in Denver, Col., presented the congregation with a gift of $300.

According to the report of the statistical secretary of the Oregon State Sunday-school Association, that state has 290 Sunday-schools, with a membership of 14,432 scholars, teachers, and officers. 245 new scholars were received during the last year.

The Episcopal Church is reported to have seventy-nine churches and chapels in New York City, which are supported by an annual outlay of $1,150,000, exclusive of the $550,000 which are contributed for benevolent purposes. The number of communicants is put at 25,500.

The *Churchman* says that "the Rev. Arthur March Clark, of the Diocese of Tennessee, during the past year resident at the Advent Clergy House, Boston, and assisting at that Church, has joined the Roman communion. The defection occurred on the eve of his departure for Europe."

The Cleveland *Herald* asserts, and apparently proves, that the title "City of Churches" does not so properly belong to Brooklyn as to Cleveland. It thinks that while Brooklyn might have formerly deserved to be so called, its religious strength in the last few years has been waning.

There are 147 evangelical churches in Baltimore, Md., and the entire seating capacity of all the churches of every kind in the city is about 100,000. With all these churches crowded there are still more than 250,000 people left out. But it does not necessarily follow by any means that there are 250,000 people in Baltimore who do not go to church.

The report of the treasurer of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, Rev. Dr. Talmage, pastor, for the year ending February 1, gives the following figures: Income, pews and premiums, $15,018.64, collections, $5,679.63; Sunday-schools, $2,326.68; Young People's Association, $200; from all other sources $1,264.50; total income, $24,489.45. Expenses: pastor's salary, $12,000; repairs and supplies, $2,791.71; other salaries, $2,894.91; gas, $1,115,20; donations, $992.55; and other payments, making the total expenses, $24,281.86, leaving a surplus of $207.59. The membership of the Tabernacle numbers 2,801.

There is a church of nineteen members at Vancouver, Washington Territory, and Rev. Thomas J. May, formerly of the Wilson Mission, in New York city, is the pastor in charge. The people propose building a house of worship as soon as possible, and additions to the membership are promised. Vancouver is a beautiful town of over 2,500 inhabitants, located on the Columbia River, just above the mouth of the Willamette. It is the seat of the old Hudson Bay Company, and is the oldest settlement on the river. At the military post there are about five hundred soldiers stationed, as it is the headquarters of the department of the Columbia, commanded by Gen. Miles.

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine, edited by Dr. Talmage, opens with an article on the Reformed (Dutch) Church in America, by Dr. Elbert S. Porter, from which we take the following extract:

This unity is also maintained in her liturgy and hymnology, concerning each of which something should be stated. The Lutheran and Reformed Churches have their respective liturgies, differing, however, in many particulars. That in use among the Reformed (Dutch) people is in the main the old Genevese, prepared originally by John Calvin and Bucer. John Knox, the great Reformer of Scotland, adopted it. The "Westminster Directory of Public Worship," however, omitted it altogether, and thus neither Presbyterians nor Congregationalists have any order of service carrying with it the memories and associations with ancient times which a liturgy is supposed to preserve. There are, however, many books containing compilation of forms for the administration of the sacraments, for the burial of the dead, for the celebration of marriage, and other ecclesiastical rites, which are freely used by ministers of the Gospel according to their personal choice or discretion. Of late, compilations of this kind have become so many that it cannot be doubted that so-called non-liturgical churches and pastors are contributing their testimonies to the value of a good historical liturgy. The Reformed Church in America makes the use of certain portions of its liturgy obligatory, while other portions of the service are left optional. In the form for the administration of baptism, the significance and scriptural authority of the rite are clearly stated, and the relation of baptized children to the Church defined. In that for the due observance of the Lord's Supper there is a concise presentation of the work of Christ in Redemption, and with it the Apostles' Creed, which the body of communicants present are required to recite, together with the Lord's Prayer. No honest man can, therefore, fall into grievous doctrinal error so long as he sincerely teaches from the Lord's Table the sum of Christian doctrine as contained in the venerable liturgical form which has not only come down from the Reformation, but holds the very substance of apostolic faith and teaching. Bucer's Litany, which has the fervent and supplicatory spirit of the minor litanies which sprang up within the early centuries during ages of persecution, is used by some of our pastors at the communion-table, and might be used by all with good effect. In connection with the liturgy, many of our churches are now introducing the psalms into the regular public service, which are read responsively. For more than fifteen years this has been the usage in the congregation of which the writer is pastor. The reponsive reading of the Scriptures is also a part of the Sunday-school service, together with the Apostles' Creed and Lord's Prayer. The hymnology of the Reformed Church is especially rich in those grand old anthems, and glorias, and hymns and psalms which have been sounding along the ages.

Among its canticles are the Gloria in Excelsis, the Te Deum, the Magnificat, the Trisagion, and many songs of lofty praise whose words have descended from the mighty choirs engaged in the Temple service on Mount Moriah, and which have been chanted and sung by armies of martyrs and confessors through all the convulsions of empire, and amid the triumphant assemblages of people made free by the Word of Truth. The authorities of the Reformed Church in this country by their hymnology have kept up the seraphic strains which associate its sentiments of praise and worship, and thanksgiving and petition with the earlier, middle and later ages of the one holy Catholic Church.

Abroad.

The increase of monks in Belgium has been so great of late years that a census has been taken of them, and it is found that their number has doubled during the past thirty-four years.

Several native Japanese Christians have forwarded an appeal to the American Bible Society, that native Christian scholars should be permitted to take part in the work of translating the Old Testament. The society rightfully regards this as good evidence of the progress of Christianity among the intelligent classes of Japan.

Day begins at sunset with the Jews, Athenians, Chinese, Mohammedans, Italians, Austrians, and Bohemians; at sunrise with the Babylonians, Syrians, Persians, and modern Greeks; at noon with ancient Egyptians and modern astronomers, and at midnight with the English, French, Dutch, Germans, Spaniards, Portuguese, and Americans.

The latest statistics of the M. E. Church, South, in Mexico, of mission work show 1 Annual Conference; districts, 4; charges under direction of native preachers, 30; weekly preaching places, 52; church buildings, 8; foreign missionaries, 4; native elders in itinerant work, 7; native unordained preachers, 26; native preachers in day-schools, 23; missionaries, native preachers, and teachers, 63; members of the church, 1,419; Sunday-schools, 30; Sunday-school scholars. 830; day-schools under care of the mission, 23; day-scholars, 638; total of church property, $44,160.-76.

The London *Globe* has been looking into the present condition of religion and education in Ireland. It finds that there are practically four great religious bodies in that country, the Roman Catholic, the Protestant Episcopal, the Presbyterian and the Methodist Churches. The Roman Catholic Church is still, as it always has been, the dominant religious community in Ireland. Its members numbered, according to last year's census, 3,960,891, or 76.54 per cent. of the whole population. Protestant Episcopalians numbered 639,574, or 12.36 per cent.; Presbyterians, 470,-734, or 9.10 per cent.; and Methodists, 48,839, or a little less than 1 per cent. The proportion of Roman Catholics to the population has declined since 1861 more than 1 per cent., and still shows a slight tendency to decline. The proportion of Episcopalians shows a progressive but very small tendency to rise, and the same may be said of the Methodists. The proportion of Presbyterians to the population is a little smaller than in 1871, but larger than in 1861. The decline in the Roman Catholic population is believed by the Census Commissioners to be due entirely to emigration. The Roman Catholics are most numerous among the poorest of the people, and it is the poorest who have contributed the largest proportion of emigrants.

According to the *Gospel in all Lands*, the Rev. Thomas Crosby, of the Canadian Wesleyan Missionary Society, writes that there never was a greater interest taken by the Indians among whom he labors in the study of the Bible than now. "We have had as many as sixty and eighty old people meet after the Sabbath morning service, to commit to memory the text in their native tongue. These old people, many of them gray-headed and with staff in hand, seem to delight to stay for the text, and thus they go off with one more verse of God's word to comfort and bless them. One old woman said: "Missionary, you think, perhaps, that I forget all the good words. No, I have a little box full of pebbles, and I have a text in my heart for every pebble I put into into it.'"

Rev. Hugh McKay, missionary of the Presbyterian church of Canada among the Indians at Manitoulin Island, says that when he and other missionaries arrived, not long since, at an Indian settlement, they found fifty Indians waiting in the house to hear the Word. At the close of the service, an old Indian, who had received blessing at Hudson's Bay, spoke in feeling terms of the change God had wrought in their midst. "Thirty years ago," he said, "we were sounding our war cry, and fiendishly counting the scalps of our enemies; but now we are sitting at the feet of the Prince of Peace, and doing all we can to make known His name. Three years ago there was not a single person in this settlement who professed to love Jesus; to-day there is worship in every family."

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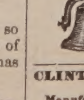

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TIME TABLE.—NOVEMBER 6th, 1882.

Stations.	N. O. Exp.	Acc'm Train	Soth'n Mail	Phil. Exp.	Carl. Acc.*	Hb'g. Exp.
UP TRAINS.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Leave Baltimore	11 20	.....	7 35	10 50	.....	5 35
" Philadelphia..	11 20	4 30	8 10	11 05	.....	5 40
	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	
" Harrisburg....	3 25	7 35	11 25	3 15	6 30	8 55
" Mechanicsb'g	3 48	8 04	11 46	3 41	7 00	9 25
" Carlisle.....	4 10	8 30	12 06	4 05	7 26	9 54
" Newville.....	4 33	8 55	12 27	4 30	.....	10 24
" Shippensburg	4 54	9 20	12 45	4 53	.....	10 49
Ar. Chambersb'g	5 17	9 45	1 05	5 19	.....	11 10
Lv. Chambersb'g	5 20	9 50	1 08	5 23	.....	P. M.
" Greencastle...	5 42	10 14	1 28	5 47	.....	
Ar. Hagerstown..	6 05	10 40	1 50	6 15	.....	A.-M.
Lv. Hagerstown..	A. M.	10 45	2 00	6 20	.....	6 05
Ar. Martinsburg..	DAILY	11 35	3 40	7 10	.....	6 45
		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.		A. M.

* On Saturdays this train will leave Harrisburg at 5 30 P. M.

Stations.	Hb'g. Exp.	Sat. Acc'n	Mail Train.	Phila. Exp.	Mail Exp.	N. Y. Exp.
DOWN TRAINS		P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
Lv. Martinsburg	.....	7 30	7 00	.....	3 00	DAILY
Ar. Hagerstown..	.....	8 20	7 50	.....	3 48	P. M.
Lv. Hagerstown..	.....	P. M.	7 55	11 50	3 55	9 05
" Greencastle...	.....	.....	8 23	12 17	4 23	9 26
Ar. Chambersb'g	A. M.	.....	8 50	12 40	4 50	9 46
Lv. Chambersb'g	4 30	Carl.	8 55	12 45	4 55	9 47
" Shippensburg	4 55	Acc'n	9 19	1 10	5 21	10 07
" Newville.....	5 18	A. M.	9 42	1 33	5 47	10 27
" Carlisle	5 42	7 30	10 08	2 00	6 15	10 47
" Mechanicsb'g	6 06	7 57	10 33	2 23	6 45	11 07
Ar. Harrisburg...	6 35	8 30	11 00	2 55	7 15	11 30
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Ar. Philadelphia	10 20	.....	3 20	7 35	.....	2 55
" Baltimore.....	10 20	.....	.....	5 20	.....	.....
	A. M.		P. M.	P. M.		A. M.

C. V. R. R.—SOUTH PENN BRANCH.

Mixed Train	Mail Train			Mail Train	Mixed Train
A. M.	P. M.			A. M.	P. M.
9 30	5 15	Lve..... Chambersburg.....	Arr	8 45	4 40
9 55	5 30	" ..... Marion.....	"	8 30	4 15
11 20	6 12	" ..... Mercersburg.....	"	7 45	2 55
12 00	6 35	" ..... London.....	"	7 20	2 15
12 15	6 45	Arr..... Richmond.....	"	7 10	2 00
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	P. M.

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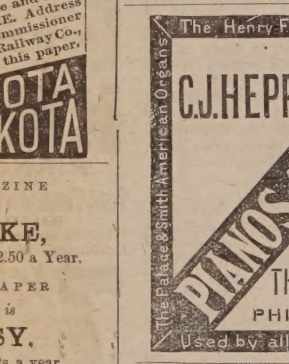

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General News.

Home.

Ex-Gov. Morgan, who died last week, was buried at Hartford, Conn., on the 17th.

George Dawson, veteran editor of *Evening Journal*, died at Albany on the 17th inst.

The will of the late William E. Dodge, of New York, gives about $350,000 for charitable purposes. He left an estate of $5,000,000, and had given immense sums to charitable objects during his life.

Seventy lives are supposed to have been lost by a mine disaster near Bradford, Ill., on the 16th inst. The earth gave way over the mine, and the water which covered the fields poured in and drowned the unfortunate men.

It is reported from Deer Island, New Brunswick, that a brother, recently visiting his sister in an out of the way place on the island, found on entering the house that four children were lying dead of diphtheria, and that the mother was ill in bed with a new-born babe.

Hon. Marshall Jewell died at Hartford, Connecticut, on February 10th, in his fifty-eighth year. He began life as a tanner and currier in a small way, and by his energy and industry built up a very large business. He was Governor of Connecticut for three terms, U. S. Minister to Russia and Post Master General under President Grant. He was Chairman of the Republican National Committee during the campaign of 1880.

Prof. Lyman H. Atwater, D. D., died at Princeton on the 17th inst. He was born in New Haven, Feb. 23d, 1813; educated at Yale where he became tutor in 1833. He was ordained to the ministry by a Congregational Association in 1834. In 1854 he was elected Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy at Princeton. Since the accession of Dr. McCosh, he has held the chair of Logic and Moral and Political Science. For some years he was editor of the *Princeton Review*.

The consideration of the Tariff bills was continued in both Houses of Congress on Saturday. In the Senate, before adjournment, Mr. Allison gave notice that "unless the Tariff bill was out of the way by Monday, or at least by Tuesday, the Committee on Appropriations would have to move to set it aside in order to proceed with the Appropriation bills." Mr. Morrill gave notice that he would ask the Senate to sit out the Tariff bill on Monday.——In the House, during consideration of the Tariff bill a lively discussion arose upon Mr. Kasson charging the Democrats with obstructing the bill. Pending discussion, the Committee rose and Mr. Haskell moved to again go into Committee and to close all debate on the pending section of the bill in one hour. Mr. Carlisle raised a point of order upon the motion, which led to further debate; pending which, at 3 o'clock, the matter was cut short by the formal announcement of the death of Representative Shackelford, of North Carolina. After the usual post mortuary action the House adjourned.

The Sundry Civil Appropriation bill was finished by the House Committee on Appropriations on Saturday night. It appropriates $24,000,000.

The floods in the Ohio river during the past week have been almost unprecedented in the history of that variable stream. On Monday, 12th inst., part of Louisville, Ky., was under water, which was 36 feet over the canal. From 5,000 to 8,000 persons were driven from their homes, and the loss of life it is feared has been great. In Cincinnati the river has reached 63 feet, and the Suspension Bridge could be reached only by boats. Barges were run along Second street to relieve the people.

A shocking disaster was reported by telephone on the 13th inst., from the western part of the city. Both freight and passenger depots of the Cincinnati Southern Railroad were undermined and fell into the surrounding water, carrying with them a hundred or more people.

The depots were one-story frame structures resting on McLean avenue, which was almost covered by water. Both sides fell into water thirty to fifty feet deep. The earth has become so soaked as to melt, and the catastrophe was further hastened by the breaking of a sewer, which sent a current along the bank. Crowds of people have been in that vicinity looking at the floods. It is supposed these are the victims.

At 11 o'clock the flood reached 65 feet, the gas and water works were inundated, and the city left without light, and water to drink. On Wednesday eight square miles in the vicinity of Cincinnati were under water. At Newport, Ky., 260 acres were covered, 1,000 houses inundated, and 25,000 families rendered homeless. On the 15th there was an explosion of sewer gas which blew a house down and killed several persons. On Friday it was hoped the worst was over. 50,000 persons have been rendered homeless. Relief organizations are being formed in many parts of the country.

Foreign.

Richard Wagner, the great Composer of music, died in Venice on the 15th.

Prince Gortschakoff, the distinguished Russian diplomatist, is said to be dying at Nice. He was born in 1798, and next to the Czars has been the most conspicuous figure in Russian history for many years.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 17.—A settlement between the Government of Russia and the Vatican has been completed. Bishop Popil will take the See of Warsaw.

Paris, Feb. 17.—The Municipal Council has adopted a resolution advocating the granting of amnesty to anarchists tried and condemned at Riom and Lyons and a suspension of procedure against those who have not yet been tried.

The Phœnix Park murderers have all been arrested. Carey, the driver of the cab, has turned state's evidence.

At the trial on the 17th the witness minutely detailed the movements of the conspirators on the morning of the murder, the counsel for the Crown carefully eliciting every point. A pin could have been heard to drop when Carey detailed how he saw seven men meet the two gentlemen. He said "Curley, Joseph Hanlon and Fagan were the first, Brady and Kelly were next and McCaffrey and Patrick Delaney came after. Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke were allowed to go through by the first three and the last four men faced right about. When Carey again looked the two rear men had closed in on the two gentlemen. The witness continued: I saw Joseph Brady raising his left hand and striking a man dressed in a gray suit. This was all I saw." Here there was a sensation in the courtroom and loud cries of "Hush!" "I timed my own movements accurately during the day. What I related occurred at 7.17 P. M."

'After I left the Park I met at the Island Bridge Joe Smith, a person who was acquainted with Mr. Burke's appearance, and had accompanied me for the purpose of pointing him out. It was Smith who told Kavanagh to hurry up and take the nose bag off. The witness repeated the conversation he had after the murder with Brady, who stated that he had stabbed Mr. Burke and afterwards settled Lord Frederick Cavendish; after that he went back to Mr. Burke and put a knife in his throat; Brady said: "Lord Frederick Cavendish, when he spoke struck me with an umbrella. I then made at him. He held up his arm and I struck it. He ran into the road." The witness detailed his conversation with Brady, who said he stabbed Mr. Burke in the left shoulder. The other gentleman came up and called him a ruffian. He ran after him into the road and settled him. He then looked around and saw Kelly coming away from Burke's body and he and Brady went and cut Burke's throat."

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

MONDAY, February 19, 1883.

FLOUR.—Transactions reported comprised 500 barrels Pennsylvania family at $5.25; 125 do. Ohio family at $5.75; 125 barrels Southern Illinois do. at $6; 500 barrels Ohio patent at $6.50@7; 125 barrels Minnesota straight at $6.37, and 125 barrels do. patent at $7.25. We quote supers at $3.25@3.75; winter extras at $4@4.50; Pennsylvania family at $5.12@5.37; Ohio and Indiana do. at $5.50@6.40, chiefly at $5.75@6.25; St. Louis and Southern Illinois do. at $5 50@6.40; Minnesota clears at $5.75@6.25; do. straight at $6.25@6 75; do. patent at $7@8, and winter patent at $6.25@7.25, as to quality. Rye Flour was steady at $4@4.12½, as to quality, for Pennsylvania.

WHEAT.—Sales reported comprised 1900 bushels long berry red on dock at $1.25; 600 bushels No. 1 do. in elevator at $1.27; car lots No. 2 red spot in elevator early at $1.24, closing at $1.24¾ bid and $1.24¾ asked; 25,000 bushels February early at $1.24¼@1.24, but closing firm at $1.24⅓ bid and $1.24⅝ asked; 30,000 bushels March early at $1.24⅝, and 5000 bushels do. at the close at $1.25; 65,000 bushels April at $1.26½@1.26⅝, closing at $1.26⅞ bid and $1.27¼ asked; with $1.27½ bid early for May, but closing at $1.27¾ bid and $1.28⅛ asked.

CORN.—Sales of 1200 bushels rejected and low No. 3 mixed in grain depot at 63c.; 600 bushels rejected on North Pennsylvania track at 64c.; 600 bushels No. 3 yellow in grain depot at 63c.; 1000 bushels steamer white track at 70¾c.; 6500 bushels steamer yellow at 71c.; 1500 bushels sail white at 73c.; 1500 bushels sail mixed at 73½c.; 1500 bushels do. yellow at 74c. in elevator early but closing at 74½c. bid with 74¾c. bid and 76c. asked for sail mixed February on call; 10,000 bushels March at 72½@72⅝c., closing at 72¼c. and 72½c. asked; 5000 bushels April at 72c. at the close of second call, and 25,000 bushels May at 71½c., closing at 71½c. bid and 71⅝c. asked. After Board easier, with sales of 5000 bushels March at 72¼c. and February offered at 74¾c.

OATS.—Sales of 3 cars No. 3 white at 55c.; 3 cars No. 2 white early at 55@55½c., and 4 cars do. do. later at 56c., with 53⅛c. asked early for February, but closing at 53⅜c. bid and 56c. asked; 52⅛c. bid and 53c. asked for March; 52⅜c. bid and 53½c. asked for April, and 52¼c. bid and 54c. asked for May.

SUGARS.—Raw were strong, but in the absence of stock wholly nominal in this market at 6⅞@7c. for fair to good refining muscovadoes. Refined were firm but quiet at 8⅞c. for granulated; 8⅜c for crystal A; 8⅜c. for confectioners' A, and 8½c. for standard A.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork at $19.50 @20; shoulders in salt, 7¾@8c.; do. smoked, 8¾@9c.; pickled shoulders, 8¾@9c.; do. smoked, 9½@10c.; pickled bellies, 11½@11⅝c.; smoked do. 12@12½c. Loose butchers' Lard, 11c.; prime steam do., $11.75@11.80; city refined, 11⅝@12c.: Lard stearine, 11¾c.; beef hams, $21@23, as to brand; sweet pickled hams, fully cured, 11¾@12¼c.; do. smoked, 13@13½c. Smoked Beef, 14@15c. Extra India Mess Beef, $26.50, f. o. b. City Family $16, and packet do $15. City Tallow, 8@8¼c., in hhds. Cake Tallow, 8¼@8½c.; country do., in barrels, 7½@8c.; Oleo Stearine 9½@9¾c.

POULTRY.—We quote live Chickens, near-by, at15c.; do. Southern and Western, 13@14½c.; Turkeys near-by at 17@18c.; do. Southern and Western, 16@17c.; live Ducks near-by 17@19c.; do. Southern and Western, 14@17c.; live Geese, 11@13c.; dressed Chickens, near-by extra, at 16@17c.; do. near-by medium, 13@15c.; do. Western prime, 14c.; do. scalded and fair dry-picked, 12@13c.; do. Ducks, near-by extras, 18@21c.; do. Western extras, 16@18c.; do. do. medium, 13@15c.; Geese, near-by, 10@12c.; do. Western, 7@10c., as to quality, and Turkeys, extra dry-picked near-by, 23@24c.; do. Western extra, 21@22c.; good to prime do., 18@20c.; fair, 16@17c., and scalded, 16@17c., as to quality.

BUTTER.—We quote Pennsylvania creamery extras at 38c.; Western do. do. 35@36c; do. firsts, 30c.; June creamery, 22@23c.; Bradford county fresh tubs, 26@27c.; do. firsts, 23@25c.; New York State fresh tubs, 26@27c.; do. dairy extras, 23@25c.; Western dairy extras, 23@25c. Rolls, choice to fancy, 20@22c.—few, if any, here; do. fair to good, 13@15c.; common shipping grades, 10@13c. Prints, fancy, 38@40c.; do. firsts, 32@35c.; do. seconds, 25@30c.

EGGS.—Sales on 'Change at 26@26½c. for Pennsylvania and near-by extras, with fresh Western quoted at 25½@26c., and limed at 17@18c. Ice-house stock was offered at 20c., with 17c. bid.

CHEESE.—We quote New York full cream choice at 14c.; do. fair to good, 13@13¾c.; Ohio flat fine, 13½@13¾c.; do. fair to good, 12@12¾c.; Pennsylvania part skims, choice, 8½@9c.; do. fair to good, 7@8c., and full skims, choice, 3@6½c., as to quality.

PETROLEUM.—The export market continued quiet but nominally unchanged at 7⅜@7¾c., as to test, for refined in barrels, and 10@10¼c., as to brand, for cases.

HAY AND STRAW.—The market was dull for Western and York State Hay at $14@16 for fair to choice, but some fancy lots of large baled North Pennsylvania met with ready sale at $2 to $3 advance on these prices. Rye Straw was dull at $12@12.50.

SEEDS.—Clover was rather easier, under freer offerings from the West: quoted here at 13@14c. as to quality. 50 bags prime sold at the outside rate. Timothy was dull at $2.12@2.25 as to quality. Flax was negected at $1.45 ₱ bushel for pure.

FEED.—Sales of 2 cars ordinary winter Bran at $20, with $20.50 bid and refused for strictly choice.

Live Stock Prices.

The receips for the week were: Beeves, 2300; sheep, 10,000; hogs, 3500. Previous week—Beeves, 3000; sheep 13.000; hogs, 4000.

BEEF CATTLE were in light supply, and prices were higher wholesale, which compelled retailers to ask more for their stock, consequently butchers only bought for their immediate use, and with great reluctance paid from ⅜ to ½c. more for their stock. Quotations: Extra, 7@7¼c.; good, 6¼@6⅜c.; medium, 5¾@6c.; common, 5@5¼c.; fat cows, 3¾@5c.

MILCH COWS were active at $30@70.

HOGS were in fair demand, but in sympathy with the West, prices advanced ¼c. ₱ lb. Quotations: Extra, 10¼@10¾c.; good, 9¾@10c.; medium, 9¼@9½c.; common, 8½@9c.

DRESSED HOGS were active. John Taylor sold 35 head Jersey dressed at 8¾@9c.

SHEEP.—The market was active for wethers, which were scarce and wanted at good figures, while ewes of all descriptions, except the very best, were dull and not wanted. Lambs were brisk and a trifle higher, while calves were readily taken at better rates. Quotations: Extra wethers, 100 to 110 lbs., 6¼@6¾c., fair to good, 5½@6¼c.; good ewes, 5¼@6c.; medium, 4¼@5¼c. common, 3½@4c.; lambs, 4½@7½c.; veal calves, 5@9½c.

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AN OPEN LETTER.
ST. JOHNSBURY, VT., Feb. 2, 1883.
The **Spiritual Songs for the Sunday-school,** by Rev. Dr. Robinson, has never been equaled, in my judgment, by any singing book ever published for Sunday-schools. I have had an experience, as superintendent, of twenty-three years, and have tried many books, and examined all I could find published, and I am free to say this excels them all. We have used it nearly two years, and I find an increasing interest and heartiness in our song service, and more by far than in the use of any other book.
The classification of subjects enables a superintendent to adapt the hymns to the subject of the lesson of the day. The hymns are of the choicest selection, and the tunes are without exception dignified, with theme and harmony, and are entirely free from the criticism of wishy-washyness so common in Sunday-school music—more formerly, however, than now. The music, while of this high order, is sufficently easy for children to master with perhaps a little more drill than is necessary on "jig music."
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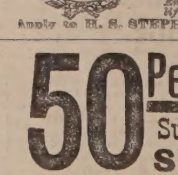
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